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The TATLER

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London, April 16, 1930

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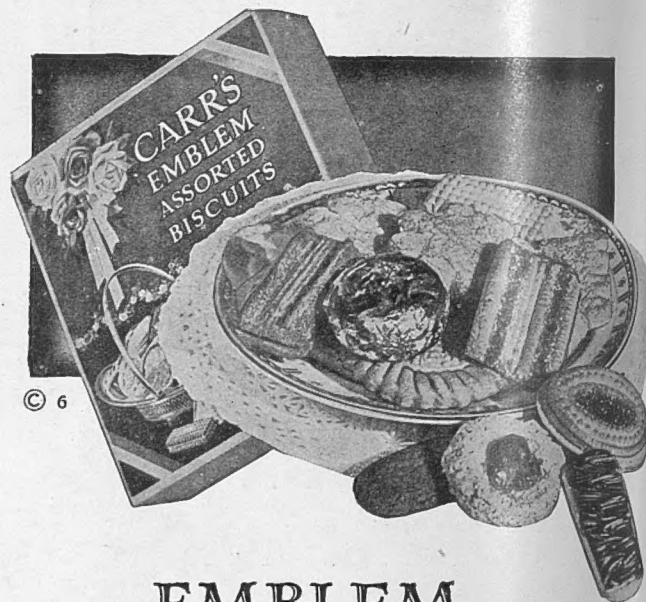
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXVI. No. 1503

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Marcus Adams, Dover Street

LADY DIANA COOPER AND HER SON JOHN

A hitherto unpublished and very charming picture of Lady Diana Cooper with her first-born, who arrived to her and Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper last year. The little boy is a nephew of the present Duke of Rutland and a grandson of the Dowager Duchess. John, his name, is one which has been borne by many Dukes of Rutland and by the Earls of Rutland before them. Lady Diana Cooper represented an unknown Tuscan artist's painting of the Virgin and Child at a pageant representing the pictures at the recent Italian Exhibition which was held at the Prince of Wales Theatre in aid of the General Lying-in Hospital



AT THE NEW FOREST POINT-TO-POINT

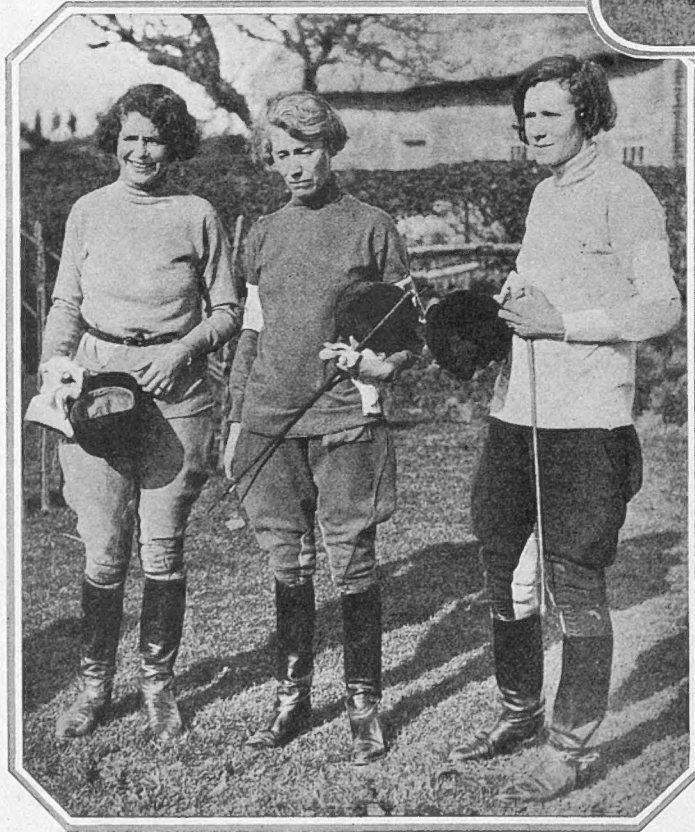
Don Pedro de Zulueta, who is an Honorary Attaché at the Spanish Embassy in London, the Baronne de Zulueta, his wife, and Commander and Mrs. Curzon-Howe, at Neacroft, near Christchurch, where these 'chases were run

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

DEAREST,—By the time you get this letter we may all be feeling a little more cheerful than we do at the moment that I write it. For by then we shall know

the worst about Mr. Snowden's long-talked-about Budget which everyone has been dreading so much that the reality can hardly be as bad as the anticipation. And besides there's Easter close upon us, and we can look forward to a few days' rest and peace in which to forget the less pleasant things of life. Let us hope that it will bring its usual fine weather, for it's a curious thing how glorious Easter nearly always is. Someone suggested to me the other day that it was because everyone felt happy and hopeful at this time, his theory being that our feelings controlled the weather, and not vice versa. It's a nice idea which might be tested and developed.

Directly Easter is over, of course, we shall start off with a real spate of weddings which have been awaiting "release," to use film expression, during Lent. Of the many



THE WINNER AND SURVIVORS OF THE LADIES' CHASE

Mrs. Isaac Bell (centre) won the Ladies' 'Chase at the New Forest, Hants, Point-to-Point. She is the wife of Mr. Isaac Bell, who is the Master of the South and West Wilts. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay (left) was fourth, and her sister, Lady Jean Mackintosh, second

The Letters of Eve



LORD NORMANTON AND LADY FORWOOD

Who were also snapped at the New Forest Point-to-Point at Neacroft last week. Lord Normanton's seat is Somerley, Ringwood, Hants, in the New Forest country. Lady Forwood is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Dudley Forwood, Bart., whose seat is Stoney Cross Lodge, near Lyndhurst, Hants

which are due to come off next week, the most talked about will be the one between Mr. Ronnie Balfour and lovely Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis. That is fixed for Thursday, and the day after Miss Julie de Little, the eldest of Mrs. Henry de Little's batch of pretty daughters, is marrying Mr. Tim Hoare. And dozens more are being crammed into this short period between Easter and the first of May. Who was it, I wonder, who started the superstition about May weddings? I expect I am betraying great ignorance in asking such a question. Anyhow it seems a great pity to rule out such an ideal month.

There's been quite an exciting crop of new engagements during the last few days. To begin with, the engagement which has been rumoured for some time, and which is now officially announced, between Lord Ava and Miss Maureen Guinness. Lord Dufferin's heir is a very brilliant young man, barely twenty-one. Miss Guinness, the second of Mrs. Ernest

Guinness's three daughters, who is just a little older, is an attractive fair-haired girl full of *joie de vivre*. Her marriage will further deplete the once big collection of Guinness girls who were to be found at every London party. For her younger sister, Oonagh, became Mrs. Philip Kindersley at last year's most effective wedding, and the elder one, Eileen, married Lord Plunket's brother the year before. Then of Mrs. Benjamin's two girls, the artistic Meraud is now Madame Alvaro Guevara. I hear, by the way, that the bride-to-be is also an aunt-to-be. And there are rumours of several other particularly interesting arrivals expected in the near future.

But to return to the engagements. For a day we understood that yet another member of the house of Grosvenor was to be married. But the unofficial announcement of the engagement between Miss Elizabeth Grosvenor, Lord Ebury's only daughter, and Mr. John Alexander Goschen was very quickly denied. Then another which has caused some flutter of excitement is the one just announced between Mr. Raymond de Trafford and Miss Alice Silverthorne, who was formerly the Countess Frederick de Janze, for it is certainly a happily romantic ending of what might have been a romantic tragedy. Mr. de Trafford, whom I last saw at the Cheltenham meeting a few weeks ago, has a distinctive type of face, unlike both his elder dark-haired brother, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, or his tall fair-haired sister, Mrs. Keith Menzies.

Mrs. Keith Menzies and her sister-in-law, Lady Avicé Menzies, were among the many pretty women who braved the horrible wet weather on the day of the Beaufort Hunt Steeplechases. The Duke's family was, of course, well represented, as it usually is, for besides the Duchess, who brought her brother, Lord Frederick Cambridge, there was his mother, the Dowager Duchess and her son, Baron Frank de Tuyl, and his two step-sisters, Lady Diana Shedden, who was looking very attractive though less robust than one would like to see her, and Lady Blanche Douglas, who came with her two daughters, Lady Rosemary and Lady Kathleen Eliot. These are the children of her first husband, Lord St. Germans, who were so unfortunately both girls, the title passing on to a cousin on their father's death.

The wetness of the day caused many people to remain hidden in their cars. But some of the others to be seen included the Duchess's sister, Lady Helena Gibbs, and her husband, Miss Betty Holford, who came with them, and Lady Wreander, who is a person who looks extremely well in wet weather racing kit. Then there were Sir Audrey Neeld and his brother the Admiral, Mrs. Lloyd Thomas and Mrs. Robert Vivian, whose husband rode two winners that day. Lastly there were the Maurice Kingscotes, Sir Lionel Darell and his daughter Meg,



LORD COWDRAY

Who made a very interesting speech at a luncheon he gave at the Savoy last week to the Hurlingham Polo Committee, the proposed members of the International polo team, and others. Lord Cowdray was full of optimism as to the result of the coming battle with America in September



AT THE BUCCLEUCH POINT-TO-POINT

A group at the course, near St. Boswell's, where these 'chases were run. The Countess of Minto and her two daughters, Lady Bridget and Lady Willa Elliot, are on the right, and others in the group are Miss Elliot, Lady Elliot of Stobs, and the Masters Elliot

Arthur Owen



Lenore

LADY FURNIVAL AND MRS. MCCORQUODALE (Left)

As their own "reflections" at the Looking Glass Ball to be held at Grosvenor House on the 28th in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

whose engagement has just been announced to Baron Schroeder's son, and Captain and Mrs. Alex McBean, and Mrs. McBean's sister Miss Nancy Paull, who is proving herself to be extremely clever at schooling jumpers. Cold Ashton, the lovely Cotswold manor house where Miss Paull and her mother have been living for the last few years, is now in the market, and they are moving into a delightful farmhouse which is more in the centre of the Beaufort country.

The lateness of Easter this year accounts for more people than usual arranging to spend the holiday in the country, and everyone seems to be moving north, south, east, and west. Many people have gone up north to their places in Scotland, and even more perhaps to Ireland. The Iveagh family, for instance, are at Farmleigh, their place near Dublin, and will stay there until about the middle of next month. The Headforts and the Dufferins, too, are over there, and so are Lord and Lady Londonderry, who probably prefer Mountstewart to all their mansions in this country. Lady Londonderry has been working very hard to make a success of the ice carnival and gymkhana which is to be held at Grosvenor House on Tuesday week in aid of the Girls' Clubs. Among her helpers are Lady Rachel Stuart, who is one of the best amateur skaters, and Lady Foley, who is to give an exhibition dance.

Another Grosvenor House affair will take place the night before, and that is the Looking Glass Ball in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. That ought to be rather amusing, since the reflection idea, which is being directed by Mrs. McCorquodale, is to see

(Continued on p. 100)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

ourselves as others see us, or more correctly, perhaps, to show others how they appear to us. So various chosen people are to go to the ball made up and dressed as nearly like certain well-known persons as they can manage. Certainly it should entertain the lookers-on, and still more the imitators, but the point of view of the imitated remains to be heard, perhaps. Among the hosts of patronesses who are sup-

Talking of clubs, I am glad to see what a success Mr. Tommy Graves and Mr. Frank Covell have made of Nash's, the mixed club in Savile Row which they caused to rise like a phoenix from the ashes of the defunct Masters. It seems to be always crammed for lunch and dinner, a disused card-room having had to be pressed in as an overflow restaurant. And half London seems to congregate there at cocktail time when occasionally, but very wisely not too often, they have special turns between six and seven. The last week or two they have had none, but Jimmy Walker and Anne de Nys are going for a short time on Monday week.

A part from the Budget and the rumours of expected new engagements and new babies, the chief news topics of the last few days have been the libel action in Germany brought by Mrs. Nash, the engagement of Mr. Albert Coates as conductor in Soviet Russia at a princely salary, and some charming new poems of Siegfried Sassoon's which have been published in the "Nation." I nearly made the awful mistake of quoting one here, but I was luckily warned in time about the infringement of copyright. And talking of poems reminds me that



MISS JOAN MANLY WINS AT THE BRAY HARRIERS' MEETING

Miss Manly snapped just after she had won the Ladies' Chase at the Bray Harriers' Point-to-Point on her own horse, Happy Dale. The cup was presented by the Master, Mr. E. B. Peyton, and Miss Bray's Alsatian obviously thought that he ought to be the first to christen it. The Bray Harriers' country is in North Wicklow

porting the ball to the extent of bringing parties are Lady Coke, Lady Douro, Mrs. Valentine Fleming, Lady Louis Mountbatten, who has arrived back from her trip to the States, and Lady Castlerosse.

One imagines that Lady Castlerosse's husband must have been one of the very first to be put on the list "imitated," for surely the distinctive face and figure and the large cigar would be irresistible. The idea occurred to me the other day when I saw him lunching at the Embassy, which contained many of its usual habitués. There too I found Miss Violet Loraine, or rather Mrs. Joicey, who seems to have lost none of her charm or spirits, Colonel Bishop the V.C. airman and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Marshall, whose Empire Union party at Claridge's last Wednesday was one of the affairs of the week. It started with speeches by Lord Danesfort and Lord Brentford, who has just returned from Egypt, pursued by somewhat sinister threats from certain natives of that country. It ended with supper and dancing.



AT THE MITCHELSTOWN POINT-TO-POINT

A group of the Young Brigade in the gallery. Left to right: Miss Clodagh Blanche Anson, daughter of the Hon. Claud and Lady Clodagh Anson, Ballysaggartmore, Lismore, Co. Waterford; Mr. M. R. C. Dobbs, Miss M. E. Dobbs, and Mr. A. C. Dobbs, sons and daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Dobbs of Camphire Cappoquin, Co. Waterford



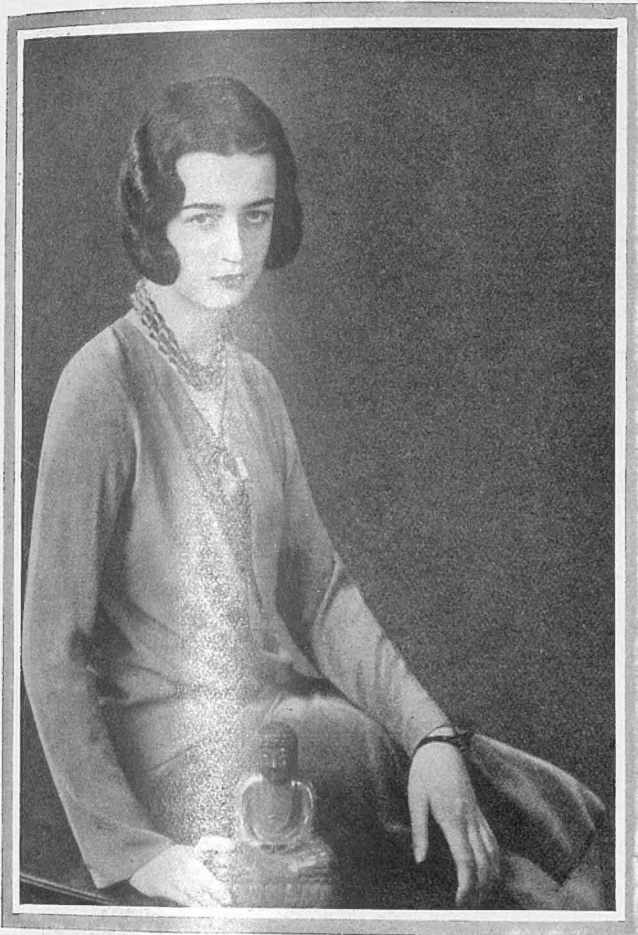
AT THE SINNINGTON POINT-TO-POINT

A snapshot at Little Barugh of Mrs. Moorsom, Major J. B. Foster, and Lord Feversham, who is joining Major Gordon Foster in the mastership of these hounds next season

Miss Nancy Cunard, who runs the Hours Press in Paris, is offering a £10 prize for the best poem, up to a hundred lines, on "Time." It may be for or against Time, and written in either English or American. And the latest date for entries is June 15. Miss Cunard runs the Hours Press in collaboration with Mr. Richard Aldington, the author of "Death of a Hero," which made something of a stir last autumn with its many asterisked pages. The Rue de Guenegaud, where they have their office, is one of the oldest streets in Paris. For the benefit of those who may care to send in poems, the number is 15.—All my love to you, dearest, yours ever, EVELYN.

STRESSING THE EGO

Self-expression in the Studio
by Means of Material Objects

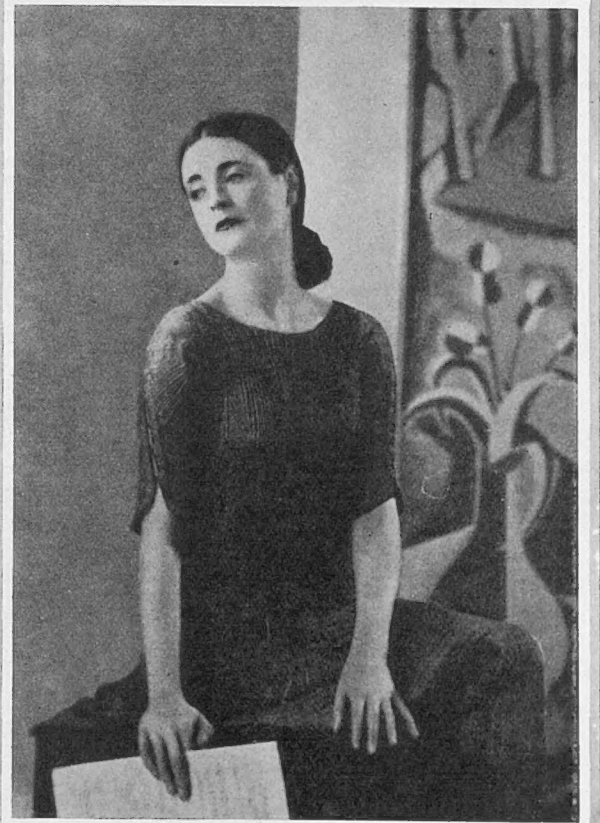


LADY PATRICIA MOORE



LADY MALCOLM

A love of music is inherent in Sir Ian Malcolm's wife, so an 18th-century harp from Ireland provides the suitable background for her portrait



MISS HARRIET COHEN, F.R.A.M.

A very charming portrait of the great British pianist holding the score of a Delius sonata. Miss Cohen, who introduced the piano music of Arnold Bax and is one of the leading exponents of modern music, has given recitals in many European countries. She studied under Professor Tobias Mathay

Portraits by Peter North



LADY DEAN PAUL

These four portraits are among those now on view at 28, Old Burlington Street, where Captain Peter North is giving an exhibition of his camera work. Not content with merely paying tribute to the decorativeness of his sitters, he has endeavoured to give a key to their personality by posing them with some favourite object which suggests a characteristic of their ego. Lady Patricia Moore, for instance, who writes poetry, has a contemplative attitude towards life, so this attribute is emphasized by posing her with an antique jade Buddha. Lady Dean Paul, the composer, chose a hand-carved Indian toy as her photographic companion as expressing her love of delicate workmanship and beauty in any form. Sir Aubrey Dean Paul's wife, who is known in the musical world as Paldawski, is the daughter of the late Henry Wieniawski, the distinguished Polish violinist

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"



MAJOR AND THE HON. MRS. CLIVE BEHRENS

At the Sinnington Point-to-Point at Little Barugh, which up that way they pronounce "Barh," Major Clive Behrens, who is a most popular personality in the Yorkshire hunting world, is the new High Sheriff of the County. The Hon. Mrs. Behrens is a daughter of the first Lord Rothschild

enclosure full of lovely women. It was amusing to watch the efforts of a very junior and very keen subaltern officer taking, for the first time in his life, a considerably older "girl friend" racing, one of those lovely languishing ones, invariably described in the illustrated weeklies as an "ardent rac-egoer." Everything worth having is bought by experience, and this warrior only began to realize by the end of the day that Job (not the starting-price variety), though tried for patience, to give 7 lb. and a beating to a double Canfield was never aggravated as highly as this. Whenever he wanted to bet she wanted coffee; should he want to see the horses she wanted to draw money from the tote on a bust ticket, she didn't realize till they were half-way to the exit that she'd left her coat in the tea tent, and as the car began to move she realized she had left the case of her race-glasses on the top tier of the stand. Friends remarked at dinner on his lugubrious appearance, but it was a bright-faced boy who re-entered the Embassy at midnight, having just consigned to Father Thames, from Westminster Bridge, the ladies' badges of no less than twelve different race-courses as his contribution to the welfare of mankind. No offence meant to the women who are really interested in racing *quâ* racing, such as Lady Chesham, Lady Wodehouse, Mrs. Hollins, and many others who are as keen and as shrewd independent judges as anyone. Mr. Eric Stedall, who bought Mr. George Poole's Down House at Lewes, had the most wonderful week, saddling four winners at Sandown over fences at the Gunner Meeting, and one at Lingfield on the flat. This latter was the Gwalia gelding, and from his time over the five furlongs he is a useful plater. Tanit, who ran second to him, was unlucky at the gate and will probably win shortly.

Both Warwick and Lingfield staged a "bumpers' " race, as an amateur riders' race is termed, and it was a disgraceful performance on the part of the crowd to signify disapproval of Mr. Bostwick when he was just beaten by Mr. Cottrill. The latter is quite the best of the amateur riders on the flat at the present time, and would compare favourably with a great many professionals. Mr. Bostwick is a particularly sporting American, a large owner in America, a rider of several winners over here under N.H. rules, and would give anything to ride a winner on the flat. Racing at Lingfield is always pleasant, and Mr. Wilmot, the clerk of the course, is untiring in his efforts to improve the racing and the comforts. The totalisator has been placed where it will not spoil the paddock, and its results seemed to be fairly good. On the Saturday Sir Mathew Wilson won the big race with Arctic Light, fourth in the Lincoln, though

Amateur rider meetings were very much to the fore last week with the Guards' Meeting at Hawthorn Hill and the Gunners' at Sandown. The former is a most charming day in the country, given fine weather, for even if the fences are only knee high and the racing not very professional, the lunch (especially the cold curry) is admirable, the band extra, and the members'

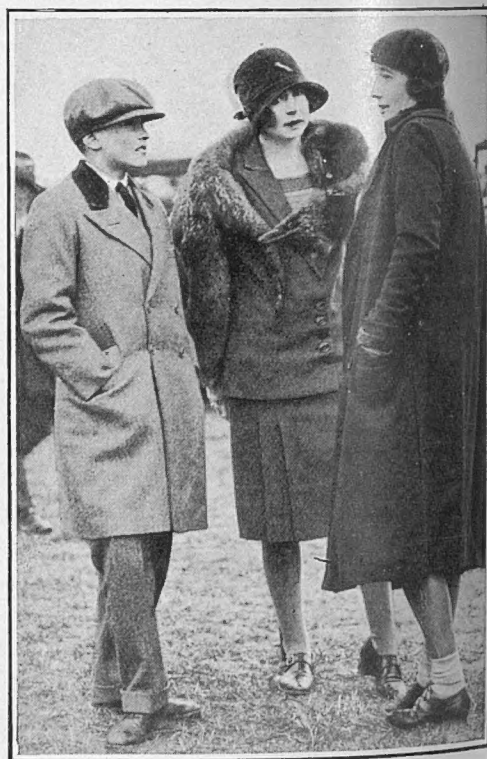
Mr. Sol Joel's Porthole, ready to go anywhere except straight to his front, should have won. This horse was dishonest as a two-year-old, has never run a race out since, and should never be backed.

In the two-year-old race Mr. Sidney Beer's Eagleray was betted on to reverse the Liverpool placings with Polesden, but the race had brought both on equally, and the latter won easily and should be followed. It is unlikely that the losses were much modified when Mrs. Beer's Physic Ball won the first selling race at Leicester on the Monday with his ears as flat back on his neck as an angry mule. He was allowed to go after the race, I understand, to Belgium. Remember Louvain!

The bumpers' race at Lingfield produced a most exciting finish between Mr. Cottrill on Roi de Saba and Mr. Sclater on Kingsford in favour of the latter, who must be a man of the most iron self-restraint to obey his orders to sit still and win a short head without moving an eyelid. Lord Carnarvon had his first mount of the season in Stanley Wootton's colours on Sobrino, but unfortunately in keeping clear of the ruck on the turn into the straight he came so wide that he developed stirrup trouble, and could only finish third, though at one time he was shouted home.

Tourmaline's defeat doesn't make the Brocklesby form look very good, more especially as the field was right upsides with her and the winner for the greater part of the journey. The winner is a half brother to Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey's Peace Pact of which we read a good deal last year, by Pharos. He is by no means a taking looking colt at the moment with his cow hocks and weak-looking shoulders, but he has enormous room for improvement if not over raced. Tourmaline, on the other hand, doesn't ever look like being better than she is at the moment. Mr. Harry Mills has generally had several horses in training without striking many winners, but his chestnut colt Dick Bush ran very well and will win over a longer distance. Lady Chesham has the management of his horses, and there are few more knowledgeable. A new management is that of Lord Adare who is now in command of Lord Beaverbrook's many and scattered horses. Lord Beaverbrook is very keen on his racing, but very naturally he has little or no time for it.

Wagers are already being made on the Derby, but there seems little justification for fancying one of last year's performers more than another, and probably it will be won this year by a three-year-old which never ran last year. Of those who ran last season, I like nothing so well as Diolite whose form was good, who was not over-raced, and who had the necessary scope for improvement. At the moment the race looks too open to meddle with.



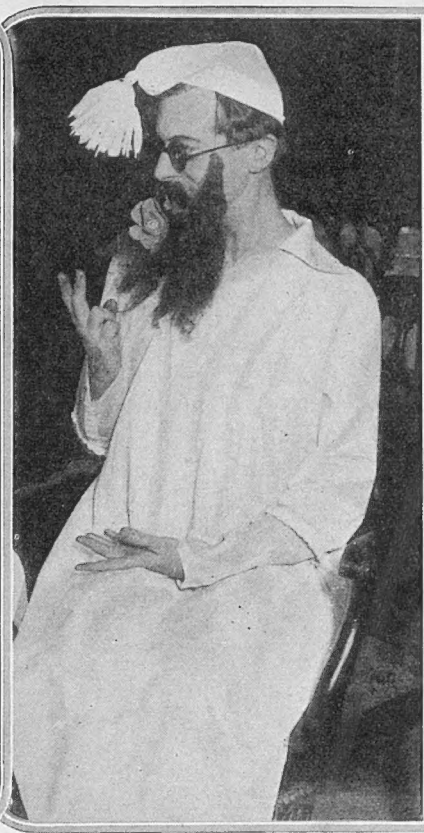
AT THE SINNINGTON POINT-TO-POINT

The Hon. Michael Howard, Lady Beaumont's son, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Micklethwait, her sister, and Lady Grimthorpe, the wife of Lord Grimthorpe, an ex-joint master of the Middleton. The Sinnington country is one of the kind we dream about to ride over

Flights of Fancy in Park Lane



THE COUNTESS DE BOSDARI AND
MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD



MR. CECIL BEATON AS "THE
MAN NEXT DOOR"



MR. HUGH WADE AS
MARION DAVIES

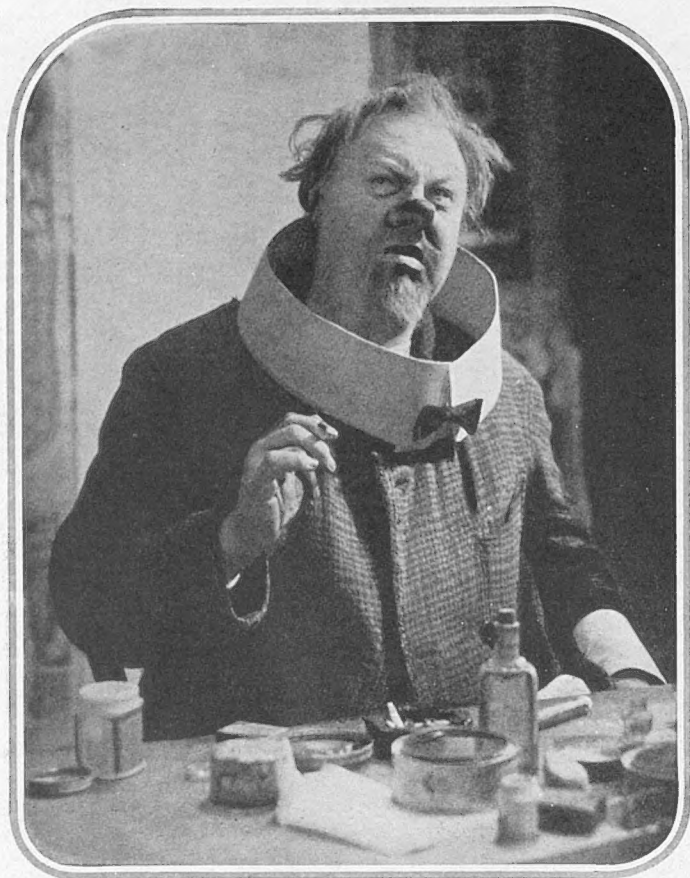


LADY MERCY DEAN (left) WITH MR. AND
THE HON. MRS. DENNIS PELLY



MRS. RONALD TREW AND MISS AUDRY CARTEN,
WITH MR. R. LEIGH AND MR. E. CARTEN

Herewith some of the participants in a very amusing party given last week at 52, Park Lane, at which the impersonation of film favourites gave an additional zip to the ever-popular pastime of dressing up. The Countess de Bosdari, who was joint-hostess with Miss Monica Morris, understudied Nils Aster, the Swedish star, with complete success, while Miss Tallulah Bankhead represented his compatriot, Greta Garbo. Mr. Cecil Beaton mystified most people as "The Man Next Door," and Mr. Wade's effort as Marion Davies was distinctly good. No assemblage of this nature would be complete without Mrs. Dennis Pelly and her husband, and Mr. Basil Dean's wife was clearly in excellent spirits too. Mrs. Trew, who as Waveney Carten collaborated in "Fame" and "Happy Families" with her sister Audry, brought a broken arm to the party, the result of a fall with the Whaddon



EMIL JANNINGS IN "THE BLUE ANGEL"

The latest talking film in which the famous film actor appears entails wearing a nose which would run Cyrano de Bergerac's very close. "The Blue Angel" has just been finished in Berlin by the Ufa Corporation, and seems to be full of pleasing possibilities

UNTIL one day last week I had never to my knowledge seen a picture by Mr. Cecil B. de Mille. I had indeed sedulously avoided this producer's insensate agglomerations, for such I have always taken them to be. Having seen *Dynamite* at the Empire, I can only say that either my colleagues have continually misrepresented Mr. de Mille, or that Mr. de Mille has reformed. *Dynamite* surprised me by its moderation. Rightly the story is larger than life. Rightly, because that is what you and I and everybody else go to the cinema for. Many people seem to imagine that in these columns I advocate highbrow films and the handing over of the cinema to a lot of melancholy unwashed Russians and Mr. Anthony Asquith. Nothing could be further from the truth. I believe in the right thing in the right place. *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Three Sisters* are indubitably "right" plays, but I am just as certain that the cinema would be the wrong place for them. What I have always objected to is not that films should be larger than life but that they should be smaller. I will not consent to a world diminished to a chorus-girl's dressing-room. On the other hand I do not object when the major forces of nature are harnessed to bring about some minor human catastrophe. If it be necessary to engulf a villain, by all means let the Mer de Glace on Mont Blanc develop a crack ten miles long by three deep. If somebody must miss an appointment, by all means let the Blue Train miss the points at Avignon and tumble into the Rhône. If a Soviet emissary must at dead of night read a letter in Lenin's own handwriting and have no candle, why then by all means let the residence of the British Prime Minister, which is conveniently opposite the emissary's garret, burst into flames. In my view these are examples of a large and lawful silliness which is proper to the films, and I go away from such pictures feeling the world to be a jollier place.

Dynamite is such a picture. It is abundantly and gloriously silly, and in it coincidence stretches out not only arms but legs. Be it said that Mr. de Mille is not the author, the credit for the riotous banging of coincidental sixpences belonging to a Miss Jeanie MacPherson. This name does not seem to me aggressively American, and Jeanie must be given every credit for having at one fell swoop got the length of America's vulgar foot. I have no time to waste on puling matters of style: the

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

A Good Film

simile must serve. I can imagine Jeanie putting to herself the following catechism. Question: What is the most frightful thing which could happen to a New York penniless beauty who has successfully freed her lover from his wife, thus enabling her to fall lawfully into his arms? Answer: To find herself unwittingly married to somebody else. Question: By what means could a girl set a married man free? Answer: By agreeing to pay the wife's alimony. Question: How could a penniless girl get hold of the money? Answer: By having a fortune left to her by a rich uncle on condition that she was married. Question: What first marriage would not interfere with the second? Answer: That is an easy one. Obviously marriage with a murderer to be executed next morning. Question: What about the murderer? Answer: To provide for his orphan sisters. Question: But suppose the murderer gets reprieved? Answer: That's where the film starts. Question: What sort of a man would be likely to be wrongfully accused of murder? Answer: Obviously a miner with biceps and a cast of mind like that of Claude Melnotte, Adam Bede, and the strong man in *The Walls of Jericho* all put together.

Well, there you are! It is established that the once penniless but now frantically wealthy New York beauty is married to a grimy muscular son of toil who says that where he comes from marriage is marriage and a man's woman is his woman. At this lawful sentiment you can feel, even if you do not see, every woman in the audience cuddle down into her furs, nestle closer to her protecting male and wish he were a little more so. The next bit of the film is *The Lady of Lyons* all over again, Beauty drawing her skirts round her lest they be soiled by the Beast, and the Beast saying he wouldn't have Beauty as a gift. So she retires to the high dudgeon of New York fast life, and he to the low dudgeon of his colliery. A snag now appears, this being a provision in the old man's will that the girl must be living with her husband on her twenty-third birthday. So the young woman has to go down to the mining-village and wheedle her way into the miner's cottage, where she is allowed to stay on condition that she does all the household work and locks up the racing-car in which she arrived. All goes well until a small child is run over by the local road-hog, it being a condition of such accidents that the child's brain can only be saved by a specialist living some two hundred miles away. Out comes the racing-car, in pops the girl, the doctor arrives in a jiffy, and so too does the collier, who has not heard about the accident, and accuses the girl of going up to town to see her fancy-boy. The girl is too proud to enlighten the man of grime and promptly telephones the lover she began the film with to come and rescue her. The hero arrives, but will not carry the girl off without first informing the collier-husband, who at the moment happens to be some three hundred feet underground looking for choke-damp or something of the sort. So the young man in a charming grey suiting and the girl in a summery nothing-in-particular descend into the bowels of the earth, where with the miner they are promptly entombed. *Dynamite* is fortunately to hand and there is an angle-bargle as to which of the men shall blow himself to smithereens and the other two to safety. The miner by a dodge is persuaded to save his skin, and he and the girl float to the upper air, leaving us uncertain whether in the future he will wash his face and she won't, or *vice versa*. In other words, will the miner chuck the colliery and become Beauty's husband? Or will Beauty become a pit-brow lassie? We don't know.

Now this is the kind of nonsense that I like. That is to say, that when I looked at my watch the picture had lasted an hour longer than I thought. Which is the highest possible praise when you realize that there was no music to eke out the wholly pitiful dialogue. From this one infers that the film tells a really good yarn. Miss Kay Johnson as the heroine acts extremely well and is, in addition, refreshingly plain, while Mr. Charles Bickford gives a very fine performance as the unsentimental collier. On the other hand, what people see in Mr. Conrad Nagel remains, as always, beyond my grasp.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxiv

THE SOCIETY OF DYERS AND COLOURISTS



AMONGST THOSE PRESENT—BY FRED MAY

The annual dinner of the Society of Dyers and Colourists was held at the Metropole, and if it is permissible to say so every shade of this estimable industry was represented. There were no colourable imitations but the true blue as well as other tints. Mr. Cyril Eastman is president of the society, whose objects are the promotion of scientific and technical knowledge among textile colourists and the general advancement of the interests of the tinctorial and allied industries, excluding all questions connected with wages and trade regulations. Professor F. M. Rowe, D.Sc., F.I.C., a vice-president, was one of the speakers, and so was Dr. Herbert Levinstein, Ph.D.M.Sc., F.I.C., a past president. Mr. J. B. Atkinson, F.I.S.A., is the hard-working secretary

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING



MRS. A. P. F. CHAPMAN

The wife of the captain of the English XI which recaptured the "Ashes." Mr. A. P. F. Chapman has succumbed to the lure of the film and is in a British talkie dealing with life at Cambridge



MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN

Photographs by Lenare

Eleonora Duse.

WE all have our pet human hates. The type of people we detest

because their mentality and outlook seem, so to speak, to smother us by slow suffocation. I think the human type which I dislike the most is the utterly conventional person, who all his or her life has been followed up by unswerving prosperity. Their self-satisfaction bores me unutterably. They look at success through a purse and at life out of a drawing-room window nicely veiled. Yet sometimes as I watch the expression of conventional people which so self-righteously tells you *nothing*, I often wonder whether the inner life which has nothing to tell anybody is not the happier state to live in after all? And yet . . . No, perhaps . . . a thousand times *no*! Those who have never experienced intense sorrow and the intenser happiness which comes from bitter, unseen tears have only wandered as it might be round and round the outside walls of life. That Peace-in-our-Time-O-Lord and to-Hell-with-Prosperity view-point, that insistent screamer for a good time at anybody's expense has invariably the insufferable soul of the emotionally unborn. And better be damned than dull, sez I. Nevertheless hypersensitiveness allied to genius has a cruel time of it in this world. Even the happiness of complete achievement is denied to men of genius. They are only the degrees of the higher mediocrity who are perfectly self-satisfied by what they do or have done. Genius is, as it were, for ever being hounded down by its own ideal, consumed by its own restlessness, for ever burning in its own inner fire. A tragic figure of this devastating flame of genius was Eleonora Duse. Success meant little to her except as a means of reaching a higher altitude of self-expression by dramatic art. Tormented always by ill-health she nevertheless worked and worked, giving herself emotionally all the time, living within herself a passionate feverish existence which could only find outlet in her art. Yet alas, most of the plays in which she had to appear she considered clap-trap, trivial things; as indeed most of them were. The whole tragedy of her life is vividly and wonderfully told in E. A. Reinhardt's new authoritative "Biography of Eleonora Duse" (Secker. 16s.) which has recently been translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The author gives you in full detail the pitiful story of the actress's early life. When, as a child, other children used to shout rude remarks about her personal appearance as she wandered around. She came of a family of actors; but her father was only a touring player; her mother was a consumptive. Even when she grew up her appearance was against her in those rôles in which she eventually triumphed. Later on, when she became a woman and world-famous, she was never beautiful, though such was her genius that she gave an impression of loveliness, which all the same had little to do with her physical aspect. Curiously enough it was while watching Sarah

Bernhardt act during one of her rare visits to Italy which first inspired Duse to greater things. She watched the famous French actress entranced as before a revelation. She little knew that later on she would triumphantly surpass Bernhardt even in those rôles which the great French actress had made her own. The art of Duse was something so unique that no one who ever saw her act, even as an old woman, can possibly forget the profoundly spiritual impression she made. Bernard Shaw's criticism of the art of these two great actresses, Bernhardt and Duse, is the best I have ever read. It is given in full in this book. What the Italian actress might have done had Fate not led her to cross the path of d'Annunzio is a matter of conjecture. She loved him at the dangerous age for any man or woman to fall in love. He was younger than she was. He made use of her. Then he rudely thrust her out of his life. The publication of the novel, "Il Fuoco," in which d'Annunzio revealed to the world the innermost secrets of their love-affair, holding the woman humiliated and cheap, was the crowning degradation. Yet, even after its publication, Duse poured out her money in producing the poet's plays, working as she had never worked before, hoping perhaps that should she be able to bring him success as a dramatist, he would come back to her. It was the tragic infatuation of an elderly woman more deeply in love than she had ever been in her life. Financially it ruined her and, at the same time, seemed to undermine her genius. Her Italian audiences turned against her. Poor, old and ill, she had perforce to travel the world, broken-hearted and alone. Too late, as she well knew, to begin all over again and begin differently. At the end she retired from the stage to live the life of a recluse, surrounded by her books, her sad thoughts, the loveliness of the Italian landscape around her villa at Asolo. Then came the War, and even greater financial ruin. Afterwards, old, ill, utterly weary, the necessity of once again starting out to reconquer the world. It is the tragedy of a singularly noble woman and a great genius. The last act was ironic. She who loved beauty, peace, the lovelier things of life, died, almost alone, in an hotel in Pittsburg, U.S.A. Her body returned to Italy in splendour and was received in pomp. She sleeps at last in her beloved Asolo. This poignant story of her life is very moving, extraordinarily interesting. It is told with understanding and with sympathy, and, what is more remarkable, the genius, the uncommon personality of the woman really does emerge from its pages. In it Duse as she really was actually seems to live, at least, as far as any outsider can ever penetrate the sanctuary of another's inner life.

Sir Nigel Does It Again.

Just as Reinhardt's "Eleonora Duse" can be read for its human interest alone, and quite apart from the life of an author of genius, so people who only regard the drama with indifference or at best a mild interest, can yet enjoy Sir Nigel Playfair's new book on his Hammersmith experiences and his

(Continued on p. 108)



SIR CHARLES HIGHAM

Who came of age as an advertising agent in Fleet Street on April 2, has seen some remarkable changes in the newspaper world. He is fifty-three years of age, but he says he feels more like thirty-three. He was the first advertising man to receive a knighthood. He is the despair of reporters when making speeches, as he averages over 200 words a minute. He is the optimist of optimists

THE ANIMAL LOVER

By George Belcher



Visitor: And wot was you thinkin' of doing wiv your boy, Mrs. Smith?

Mrs. Smith: Well, 'e's that fond of animals 'is father was thinkin' of making a butcher of 'im

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

own life, quite apart from being naturally interested in the stage. "Hammersmith Hoy" (Faber and Faber. 21s.) is not only interesting, but lots of it is most amusing. If every writer of reminiscences could make their early years so vivid and yet so entertaining as the author of this book, we should not open them fully prepared to skip the first hundred pages, as is generally the case. Moreover, his early years were in no way remarkable. A home in Curzon Street and afterwards in Grosvenor Street, an enviably brief period at a public school, followed by Oxford, offers on the face of it no undue excitement. So that it proves once again—it doesn't much matter about what a writer writes as how he writes about it. The first two hundred pages of "Hammersmith Hoy" contain many which are great fun. Rightly a more serious vein creeps into the narrative after the author had assumed the responsibility, of directing and managing the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, that one bright glory of the modern London stage, apart from Mr. Cochran. How the plan took shape, the various ups-and-downs of the theatre's always creditable career, the inner history of the various productions, Sir Nigel tells us of these things in a way which is so interesting that, as I wrote previously, a reader only mildly interested in theatrical history and gossip will enjoy the book. Besides, one is continually coming across "asides," and these are as entertaining as the main theme. This one for example: "If you want to make the world fit for heroes like me to live in, rid it of the affected people who say what is not worth saying with pomp and majesty. It won't be an easy task, since, for some reason which I have never been able to understand, it is they alone who, as a rule, can afford butlers and eat delicious ices every other day for luncheon. But, thank God, they can never play, or sing, or act, and have to pay the simple people to do it for them." Yet, it makes sad reading to learn that even after the colossal success of *The Beggar's Opera* and the fair success of many of the other productions, there is a hint at the end of the book which suggests the possible exhaustion of the present glorious regime through financial considerations. Should this ever happen it will be an everlasting disgrace to London theatre-goers. Yet, when one regards the long queues waiting to get inside to enjoy that sepulchral "dreariness" which is the average "Talkie," one almost despairs of it ever being possible for us to support anything approaching a National Theatre. At the Lyric, Hammersmith, is at any rate the nucleus of such a possibility; yet, if that too is obliged to cease operations from lack of support, it certainly means that as a nation we really haven't the intelligence to support anything except a Hollywood "Talkie" house. At any rate, and to go back to "Hammersmith Hoy," it is one of the most interesting books of modern theatrical reminiscences I have read for a long time, and, moreover, one which deals with a theatre which all of us know, admire, and esteem.

A Clever Story of a Difficult Social Problem.

Around the problem of the discharged prisoner Miss M. Morgan Gibbon has written a poignant and very moving story. "The Albatross" (Benn. 7s. 6d.) is the tale of a young man, Tony Dircks, who coming out of prison after two years spent there for the crime of embezzlement, determines to fight

his way back, not by disguising his past but by open confession and repentance. It was a magnificent fight, but of course it was hopeless. Yet perhaps his greatest mistake was in marrying Philippa, the girl who, over-persuaded by the heroism of his attitude at the moment, was unable to live up to the first emotion of such self-sacrifice. On her side it was a marriage of enthusiasm which she mistook for love. Later on she couldn't stand the strain of the daily humiliations, the estrangement of friends, her husband's poverty. Eventually she falls in love with Tony's cousin, and passes off his child as that of her husband. Partly through this infidelity Tony meets his death. Yet, curiously enough, one's sympathy is always more with Philippa than with her tragic husband. As a human being she is infinitely more convincing. One understands her emotion when she married Tony; equally one understands her misery when she discovered she could not live up to the splendour of that self-sacrifice. It was because she was so easily moved that after Tony's death she confessed her infidelity to his mother. Her spirit was, as it

were, always rushing towards the heights and never being quite able to stay the full course. Which is what happens to most of us. As the story, however, of a difficult social problem it is a very able one. And the problem really is difficult. I once took an interest in it myself, until one day, asking information of a policeman regarding the address of a society which tried to help ex-prisoners, he told me, adding in withering sarcasm: "I wish I could tell you the address of a society which tried to help decent hard-working men to find a job. There'd be more real Christian charity in that!" And in one way he was right. And yet . . .

* * *

An Amusing Yarn.

I wonder why other people's acute exasperations are always rather amusing unless of course you have to sit down to listen to them. "Eldest Miss Collingwood" (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) by Mr. Pett Ridge is quite an entertaining description of a shop-keeping suburban household with which, however, to spend a week would be to contemplate committing murder! No wonder Mrs. Collingwood could stand it no longer and transferred herself from Blackheath to Cornwall, sighing only with relief. Her eldest daughter, Ellen, blamed her mother until,

forced to give up a good job in the City to take her place, she found out what that poor parent had to put up with and endure from morning to night. During the daytime there was the everlasting cooking, cleaning, turning out, putting back, wondering what the next meal is going to be and how to get it. In the evening there was her father to be pacified because Mr. Collingwood was one of those men who imagine that their family can be well fed on good management and next to nothing. As a little mental relaxation otherwise poor Ellen had to listen to her sisters, Myra and Joyce, making the subject of young men go so far that it didn't seem possible there could be room for any other subject in the world. Only from her brother Lawrence did she get any consideration. The rest took her for granted and all she had to do. Complainantly they let her get on with it. It is all quite amusing. Mr. Pett Ridge guys this suburban household of course to get his full comic effect, but he guys it sympathetically, so that with your laughter there is a sneaking affection for Ellen and her domestic exasperations.



Peter Fraser

AFTER THE FUNERAL

"She 'ad a jerky 'eart, poor dear"
"Yes, the doctor called it syncopation"

"ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND" ABOARD H.M.S. "NELSON"

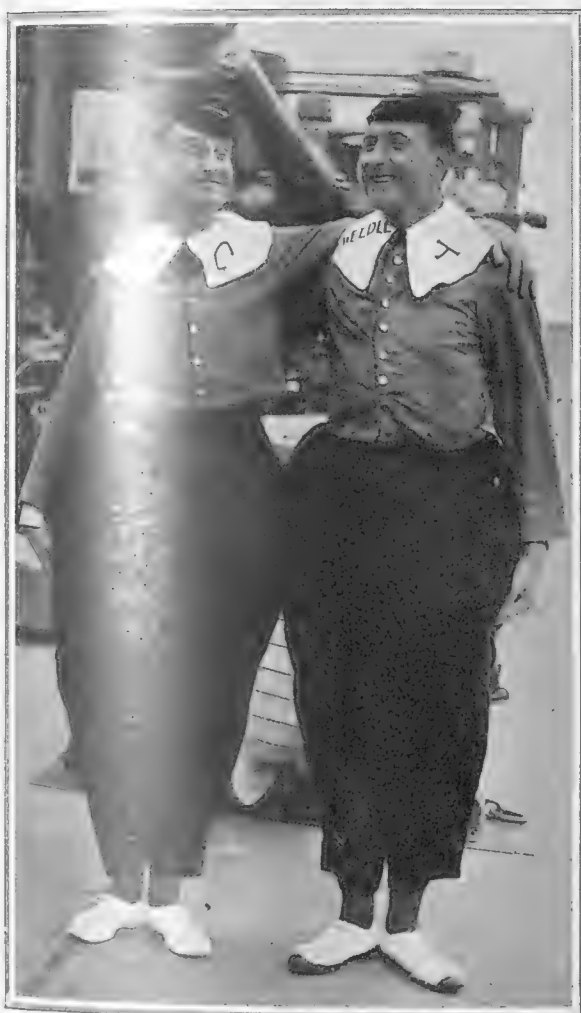


THE CHORUS DOING ITS BIT

Left to right: Midshipman N. J. W. Barttelot, Lieutenant Besley, Mr. A. G. Betts, Lieut.-Commander J. R. S. Haines, Midshipman I. G. Steel

A REHEARSAL SCENE

Left to right: Lieut.-Commander P. F. Cooper (stage manager), Lieutenant H. V. King (prompter), Lieut.-Commander Woodroffe (The Mad Hatter), Mrs. Woodroffe (Alice), Comdr. G. R. G. Allen (The March Hare), Lieut. E. W. Thruston (author and producer)



TWEEDLE "G" AND TWEEDLE "T"

The Rev. R. D. Canadine and Lieutenant R. H. Rump



THE BLUE KNIGHT

Lieut.-Commander M. Taylor



ALICE AND THE MAD HATTER

Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Woodroffe

The Senior Service has not been said to be composed of handy-men for nothing, as this production of "Alice in Blunderland" aboard H.M.S. "Nelson," flagship of the Atlantic Fleet, amongst many other achievements proves to demonstration. "Nelson" is far bigger than any London theatre, and comfortably accommodated the large audience from Gibraltar which came aboard to see the performance. The original story was adhered to as closely as might be, though of course there were one or two original touches, notably "The Blue Knight," who quite out-distanced the Red and White gentlemen in the story. Phase I was called Encounter Exercise, when Alice (Blue) meets and engages Red Light Forces in the Staff Office; Phase II was Combined Tactical Gunnery and Torpedo Exercise, the Blue Cruisers drive off Red Light Forces; Phase III was Shadowing Exercise, the Red Heavy Ships engage and drive off Blue Cruisers. Alice is shadowed back to the Blue Battle Fleet; and it ended with a General Engagement and the Conference after the Combined Fleet Exercises

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown



THIRTEEN

By M. N. THOMAS

MARTIN STARK'S luck was proverbial. When he had been a baby in his nurses arms, an old gipsy woman had peered into his blue eyes, had traced with her brown wrinkled finger unseen lines on his brow, had muttered half to herself: "Luck, luck ye'll always hae—so muckle luck it will be the deith o' ye." This was odd, for he had been born on the thirteenth of May, but as he grew older he discovered that thirteen was his lucky number.

He and his twin brother were the only children of Sir George and Lady Stark. Unlike most twins, Martin and Robert were not affinities. Robert was dreamy and diffident and grew up pale and delicate; Martin, who even as a child held himself as though he were someone important, grew up strikingly handsome. Robert did not share his brother's good luck; he was always in bed with a bad cold on birthdays, and something was sure to happen to him to prevent him going to parties. He was so delicate his life was several times despaired of and he had to be nursed and protected, but Martin was always perfectly capable of looking after himself. He made up his mind what it was he wanted and saw that he got it. No one ever knew except Martin's smiling, enigmatical Fate, that the piece of wool to distinguish the elder twin from the younger had been tied by mistake round Martin's stout little wrist when it should have been round his brother Robert's.

Their parents died when the boys were still children, and Martin had no sooner come of age than he threw off all shackles and determined to live every moment of his life. He and Tom Maddox were known as the two fastest young bloods about town in those days of flowered waistcoats and top-hats, of bustles and velvet bows, nevertheless Martin Stark was universally popular. Men liked him—they thought him such a "deuced good sport"; few women could resist his purposeful charm, and even old ladies were fond of him because they had the quite mistaken idea that they could reform him. Besides there was his shining luck. To Tom Maddox he was like a charm or

mascot. He and Martin always picked out the thirteenth horse on the list and made their biggest wagers on the thirteenth of each month; it was a policy that never failed.

He had many loves, but the one woman he wooed in marriage was Agnes Brent, who was supposed to be the richest heiress in England. Her relations, who knew his reputation, bitterly opposed the match and put every obstacle in the way. It was more difficult, however, than they had anticipated, for Agnes—quiet, gentle Agnes, who up till then had been docile to her mother's every wish—revealed a spirit that secretly staggered even Martin. She agreed to elope with him. His conquest was so easy that he valued it not at all. "The way to get round tame women," he said knowingly on his wedding-day to Tom, "is to pretend you think they have plenty of the devil in 'em."

Agnes brought her husband a large dowry, but money ran like water through his fingers. He neglected her, made every use of her, nevertheless she went on loving him, not because she wanted to, but because she could not help it. His voice never failed to stir her; she found herself listening for his heavy step, was amenable to his every unreasonable demand.

The one time she opposed him was when he asked her to include in a house-party certain people whom repute said were notorious. Agnes, who knew her mother was to be present, demurred. Her husband was taken aback at being withstood from so unexpected a quarter. His handsome face darkened and flushed, but Agnes stuck to her point with a tenacity that infuriated him.

"Very well," he said at last, his voice lowered with wrath, his blue eyes narrowed, "if I can't have my friends to my own home—the only things that make it bearable to me—there's no need for me to remain."

He slammed the door behind him with such force the whole room shook. She rushed after him, only to find he had turned the key on the outside and she was trapped. She battered with

(Continued on p. xxiv)



LADY MAUREEN STANLEY

The eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry and the wife of the Hon. Oliver Stanley, the younger son of the Earl of Derby. Lady Maureen Stanley is an active fighter in the Conservative cause, as is her father, and is giving a useful lead to all those who may imagine that "Manana" is a good motto, and that all must come right automatically. If every Conservative were infected with Lady Maureen Stanley's energy the issue of the next election, which is predicted for the coming autumn, might not be as much in the air as are those of things like the Grand National and the Derby!

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street



PRISCILLA IN PARIS



LAYTON AND JOHNSTONE IN PARIS

An impression by the famous caricaturist, "Tor," of the two wonderful American singers who have had a tremendous success at the Salle Pleyel, where the house was sold out at what are called "Kreisler" prices.

Layton and Johnstone, of course, are possessed of voices which are quite "hors concours," so the enthusiasm of Paris is quite understandable.

TRÈS CHER, when I was a child my one dream, after the annual Boxing Day visit to Drury Lane, was to be able to GO TO THE THEATRE EVERY EVENING!!!!

I thought of this with amusement when a little after one o'clock this night I coaxed my car through the scrum that blocked the Rue de Clichy outside the Apollo Theatre, where Jane Marnac has produced Noel Coward's greatly belauded *Bitter Sweet*. The rush-to-produce-before-Easter in the theatrical world is just now fast and furious, and this was the fourth *première* that I had attended in forty-eight hours. The day before, in the afternoon, I had been to the Odéon, where they were giving *L'Ecole des Charlatans* by our ineffable (and bearded) Tristan Bernard; it is an amusing satire wherein we see an incorruptible young medico hold his own against the combined forces of hotel and casino directors at a well-known (it must, however, be nameless) watering-place. At the Théâtre St. George's, the same evening, *Etienne*, by Jacques Deval, was a charmingly-written comedy, brilliantly acted by Marthe Regnier, Jacques Baumer, and Paul Bernard; it exploits the somewhat heartrending, and yet at moments, amusing theme of the tyrannical father, the fond mother, and the very youthful Prodigal Son, who for love of his mother, reforms, makes good, and puts papa to shame. . . . On the following afternoon "happened" the Press performance of the new revue at the Folies Bergère. I wish I could say all I think about this;

unfortunately I quite realize that foreigners expect the sort of thing that the Folies supply so lavishly. (By "foreigner" I do not mean what you usually mean, Très Cher, since you yourself are a foreigner when you are in France!) A theatre ticket agency tells me that visitors-to-Paris invariably make the same request: "A-box-for-the-Folies-Bergère-please (or *bitte* . . . or whatever their language may be), and-where-are-the-Guitry's-playing?"



MADAME MARCELLE JEFFERSON-COHN

In the rôle of the notorious Comtesse de la Motte in the French sound film "Le Collier de la Reine." Mme. Jefferson-Cohn is the wife of Captain Jefferson, the well-known racing man and owner, and possesses some of the loveliest jewels in the world. The necklace she is wearing above is the replica in real stones of the historical "collier" itself. "Le Collier de La Reine" was produced a short time ago at the Palace Theatre in London

This year the F.-B. has so surpassed its own records of salacity that at the first performances the audience protested, and certain tableaux had to be modified; even now the spectacle that was presented to the chaste eyes and ears of the members of the Press is strong fare, and so, "thanks be," sez I, "for the scenes in which Randall appears!" This clever Frenchman hails from Bordeaux but speaks English with an Oxford accent, while his American is pure Manhattan; his struggles as an English tourist in Paris, and as a Frenchie in London are a real joy to behold. There is also a new comer, one Feral Benga, a coloured dancer, who is the most gorgeous mover I have ever seen. The Alfred Jackson stars are, of course, the life-and-soul-of-the-party, and are real value for money. A tableau representing the Folies Bergère as it was fifty years ago is charming, and this naturally brings me back to *Bitter-Sweet*, not only because it is the fourth *première* on the list, but because of the modes of 1880.

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Let's Go to the "Pictures"!



BARBARA KENT IN A DOLLAR DANCE

COLLEEN MOORE IN "FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS"—HER LATEST PICTURE



A DOG'S LIFE—WITH CAMILLA HORN

Colleen Moore, who in private life, as may be said, is Mrs. John McCormick, was one of D. W. Griffith's discoveries, and made her debut under his banner in the old Triangle Company. She soon soared into the upper ether of stardom, and amongst her big pictures has been "Lilac Time." "Footlights and Fools" is said to give her talent every chance. Barbara Kent was not in any particular picture when she posed for the photograph on this page. She is a Canadian and a winner of a beauty contest in Hollywood, where the competition is very keen. Camilla Horn, who is twenty-three, is the pretty young German film star, and amongst many other successes was "opposite" John Barrymore in "Tempest." She is a fair and fairly tall blonde

NORTHERN GATHERINGS



MISS P. CUNNINGHAM AND MAJOR HUNTER AT ROTHBURY 'CHASES



AT THE BORDER HUNTS POINT-TO-POINT: MR. ANGUS FERGUSON, MRS. FINLAY, MRS. JOHN MENZIES, MRS. ANGUS FERGUSON, AND MR. AND MRS. CHARLES GRAHAM



MAKING A BET: THE COUNTESS OF LINDSAY AT ROTHBURY



MORE PATRONS OF THE ROTHBURY 'CHASES: LADY MURIEL LIDDELL-GRANGER AND LADY JOAN JOICEY, AND (right) MRS. COOKSON AND MISS TEMPLER



Linlithgow and Stirlingshire personalities figure in the group at the top of this page, which was the Border Hunts Meeting was held at Gorgefield, near Coldstream. The remainder of the picture came from Northumberland, where Rothbury 'Chases are annually responsible for an assemblage of important people. Lady Lindsay, whose geniality is an asset to any gathering, had two horses running at the meeting, but success did not come her way that day. She and Lord Lindsay, who is Master of the Hike hounds, have lately been staying at Costebelle. Lady Muriel Liddell-Granger was Lady Muriel Bute before her marriage, and lives at Aytton Castle in Berwickshire, and Lady Joan Joicey is Lord Dunsany's

Photographs by Ian Smith and Arthur Owen



Yevonde, Victoria Street

LORD AND LADY INVERCLYDE

The most recent portrait of a picturesque bride and bridegroom of last season. Lady Inverclyde was Miss June Howard-Tripp, better known to a public which held her in great affection as "June." She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Walter Howard-Tripp and of Mrs. Howard-Tripp. Lord Inverclyde, who has shown no leanings in that direction hitherto, for he was a Scots Guard most of the time, has turned author, and is publishing a book on yachting, to which he has given the attractive title of "Porpoises and People"



SERGE LIFAR AND ALICE NIKITINA

Who supply the poetry of motion side of "C.B.'s" most magnificent production. This wonderful pair of dancers are quite hors concours and have rarely been in better form than they are throughout the whole of this revue

CAVIARE with vodka sauce, champagne *extra sec* *réserve*, Mayfair with a dash of young Chelsea, the tang of the olive to flaunt the bitter against the sweet, the restless gaiety of disdaining Youth, the airs and graces of Nymphs, the mocking laughter of Satyrs—here we are again, watching the inter-play of decorous and daring, light and shade, folly and finesse, whose sum total, shaken together by the wizard whose statue should be placed instantly in Piccadilly Circus side-by-side with the Eros who has strayed from his spiritual home . . .

This sentence cannot go on. I must start again and observe, with the profound reverence demanded of a sacred rite, that Mr. Charles B. Cochran is once more in his Heaven and that, consequently, all's well with the world. With the world, of course, that matters; *le beau monde qui s'amuse*, the People who are Best because they are Brightest. Stalls on the premier were £2—if you could get them—and one distinguished first-nighter was paragraphed as relegated on that memorable occasion, when Mr. Shaw appeared simultaneously on both sides of the footlights, as far back as the ninth row!

There is a scene of dazzling whiteness, which brings the first part of the 1930 *Revue* to a quiet end, called, simply, "Heaven." "What, you here?" cries Nell Gwynn to Lord Byron, a question repeated with variations by the Iron Duke to Lady Hamilton, and Lord Nelson to Lola Montez; while the Empress Josephine, confronted with

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Cochran's 1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion

Mr. Gladstone, begs for the truth of what that gentleman really did say in 1878. Add a pair of whirlwind dancers (Fowler and Tamara), two malefactors (Miss Ada May and Mr. Roy Royston), a policeman, a lover and his lady, soldiers, singers, and Mr. Cochran's Young Angels—or Ladies, it comes to the same thing—a duet and some dancing (or rather choreography, which sounds more Russian), and if that isn't Heaven what's the use of dying? Yet to my mind the celebrities are incomplete. Mr. Cochran himself, with a halo two sizes larger than anyone else's, should have joined Miss Maisie Gay, a heavenly flower-woman, formerly of Piccadilly Circus, to the sweet twanging of a hundred hidden harps. If we could see the wax effigies of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, Lady Astor, and Messrs. Edgar Wallace, Epstein, and Bernard Shaw, why not the Great Panjandrum himself?

This glimpse into the omniscient future (Madame Tussaud's, 1980) with its bald-headed young ladies smoking pipes, and jokes about Prohibition, rather typified, I thought, a good deal of Mr. Beverley Nichols' "book." It was amusing without being shatteringly funny. But comedy is generally a minor card when Mr. Cochran draws to a full house. Mr. Nichols certainly produced a brain-wave for his opening bid—a real

talkiefeaturing Miss Joan Clarkson and Mr. Roy Royston as aristocrats in a Hollywood version of a stately home of England, until Miss Maisie Gay uprose from the stalls as a member of the public to protest against the mutilation of the King's English, and finally merged into the picture herself. The subtitles, the private jazz orchestra dressed as hunt-servants, the size of the brandy glasses and the beauty chorus of sixteen duchesses, who came to life in the persons of Mr. Cochran's young ladies, are evidence of appropriate satire.

"A School for Husbands" contained the seed of an idea which, when nipped in the bud at the psychological moment, did not quite bear fruit. These few minute sketches are the revue writer's nightmare. The final blow must have the sting of the knock-out; a tap on the nose has no more element of surprise than a damp squib. "If," in which members of the North Hampstead Hell-Fire Club recite Kipling's poem, re-written by Miss Marie Tempest, an octogenarian R.A., and others, fell between the two stools of point and parody.



MISS MAISIE GAY

Singing "Since Eros Went Away" (words and music by Mr. Beverley Nichols, the author of the "book"); a modern lament of Piccadilly Circus bereft of its presiding deity

Miss Gay, so Mr. Cochran says, in a letter to the Press, is not supposed to be mimicking Miss Tempest, in which case to mention "The Second Mrs. Fraser" by name seems both confused and confusing.

But this is a minor detail. Mr. Nichols scores neatly with "Cup and lip," an amusing comment on Press interviews as they are and as they appear in print; not quite so pithily in a fragment of "Serious Drama," Irish and Russian, played simultaneously; and with several tunes to his own lyrics which do not essay the haunting quality of "Song in my Heart" (the latest Rodgers and Hart success from America, which Miss Ada-May, Mr. Royston, and others offer as a sop to sentiment), or the dreamy cadence of Mr. Vivian Ellis's "Wind in the Willows" (with Mr. Desmond Carter).

The intelligentsia will enjoy, even if they cannot deign to explain, the sophisticated significance of the two ballets by Boris Kochno. "Lunar Park, or the Freaks," is an oddity of trap-doors and extraneous limbs whose charm and meaning escape me. Perhaps the spirit of the Russian Ballet, since Diaghileff said good-bye to mere beauty, is caught only by the enlightened few. I do not presume to discuss Lord Berner's music except to say, humbly, that I liked it. "Night," with music by Henri Sauguet and choreography by Serge Lifar, is symbolism more clearly defined. But why a crazy baker, bearing at one moment on his head a child, should attract a bejewelled lady at dawn in

Paris is no more intelligible to me than the antics of the parties on either side of a transparent wall.

It would take more judgment than ever Paris displayed before the walls of Troy to choose between the romping, bell-sleeved gaiety of Miss Doris Zinkeisen's "Piccadilly 1900" (with Miss Ada-May as a Vesta-Tilley Guardsman) with a chorus song of the period, and the delicate loveliness of Mr. Oliver Messell's "Piccadilly 1830," framing a romantic meeting between a Highlander and a lovely lady (M. Serge Lifar and Mlle. Nikitina) which ends deliciously in a balloon elopement. How much the *décor* and dresses of Miss Zinkeisen and Mr. Messell mean to the show only a careful study of the programme will reveal. I have not nearly finished with that document yet. The palm for wit goes to "The Late-Comer," Mr. Peter Spencer's all-silent but penetrating satire on the horrible habits of "the stalls." Miss Maisie Gay was superb as the chief

offender; but Miss Gay is always that, no matter what the type that comes under the hammer of her warm humour. Her cockney flower-seller, hard-bitten hunting-woman, and distraught wife cooking an omelette by wireless (a good idea by Mr. Laurie Wylie, with a neat twist from cookery to gardening, and one joke that might make the compositor blush if I asked him to print it) are morsels that make the connoisseurs of good things hungry for more.

Miss Ada-May's slickness, sang-froid, and schoolgirl infection demand a knowledge of American superlatives which I do not possess. To watch this artful imp of mischief, with a pretty taste in hyphens and trousers, turning a balloon into a weapon of wit is a revelation of burlesque and bravado.

There is no space to describe the versatility of the now-famous Young Ladies, now mimeing with a show of gloved hands in a Venetian theatre, now floating like wisps of tulle in enchantingly long frocks (Miss Zinkeisen again), which run the gamut of pure white to smokiest grey. Nor to appreciate the niceties of black-faced Mr. Jack Powell's "Jazz in the Kitchen." His drum-sticks are most intriguing when beating their tattoo on anywhere and anything but the drum. Nor to record in detailed sequence the diversity of feats terpsichorean, vocal, and dramatic, performed by Messrs.

Roy Royston, Douglas Byng, William Cavanagh, Barry Fitzgerald, Hastings Lynn,

Richard Murdoch, and the Misses Joan Clarkson, Molly Molloy, and Jane Welsh; nor to salute the dancers as they deserve. Nor, in fact, to do full justice to the bouquet of this 1930 magnum which proclaims that "Champagne Charlie" has struck another vintage year. If the sparkle is not quite so pronounced as in previous bottlings (Mr. Nichols' humour cuts no fresh ice with that zip and spontaneity which distinguish the supreme from *vin ordinaire*) the expert taster will probably require more than one glass. In other words, here is a show which can be seen more than once. I will not insult the intelligence of readers of THE TATLER by advising them to go to the Pavilion. I can only wish them luck in the matter of getting in.

"TRINCULO."



ROY ROYSTON

Explaining both neatly and niftily why he is "Dancing Alone"



MR. DOUGLAS BYNG

As a member of the North Hampstead Hell-Fire Club reciting Kipling's "If" as rewritten by certain familiar types



MISS ADA-MAY

As a Vesta Tilley-ish Guardsman singing of Piccadilly in 1900 as Miss Doris Zinkeisen sees it



SHAKE! MR. J. H. THOMAS WITH MR. MASSON AND (centre) MR. BERTRAM MILLS AT COLONEL PART'S HARRIERS POINT-TO-POINT MEETING



COLONEL SELBY-LOWNDES AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS DIANA SELBY-LOWNDES, AT BILLINGTON MANOR



CAPTAIN GORDON MUNRO, LADY MARY GOSLING, AND MR. E. GOSLING AT COLONEL PART'S HUNT MEETING



MRS. CHICHESTER, LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE, AND RUPERT JARDINE AT THE DUMFRIESSHIRE HUNT RACES



AT THE SAME MEETING: SIR WILFRID LAWSON TALKING TO LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN MCKIE, D.S.O., WHO WAS ONE OF THE JUDGES

TWO HUNT MEETINGS

Up North and in the Midlands

The three top pictures here were taken at Colonel Part's Harriers private hunt 'chases held at Billington Manor, near Leighton Buzzard. This meeting, according to report, provided the Lord Privy Seal with his first experience of a point-to-point, and to all appearances he thoroughly enjoyed himself. In the snapshot he is being introduced by Mr. Bertram Mills of super-circus fame, to one of Lord Salisbury's tenant farmers. Captain Gordon Munro is Mr. Baldwin's son-in-law, and Lady Mary Gosling was Lady Mary FitzMaurice before her marriage. At the Dumfriesshire Point-to-Point held at Hungry Hill, near Lockerbie, Rupert, the seven-year-old son of Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, was one of the keenest of the spectators. His father has been Master of the Dumfriesshire Hounds since 1921, and he himself has already been initiated into the thrills of fox-chasing. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whose home, Isel Hall, is near Cockermouth, carries his sixty-eight years very lightly, and was an excellent riding fettle at the meeting.



THE GOLD-DIGGER

By S. C. Martin



*Bachelors
are different!*

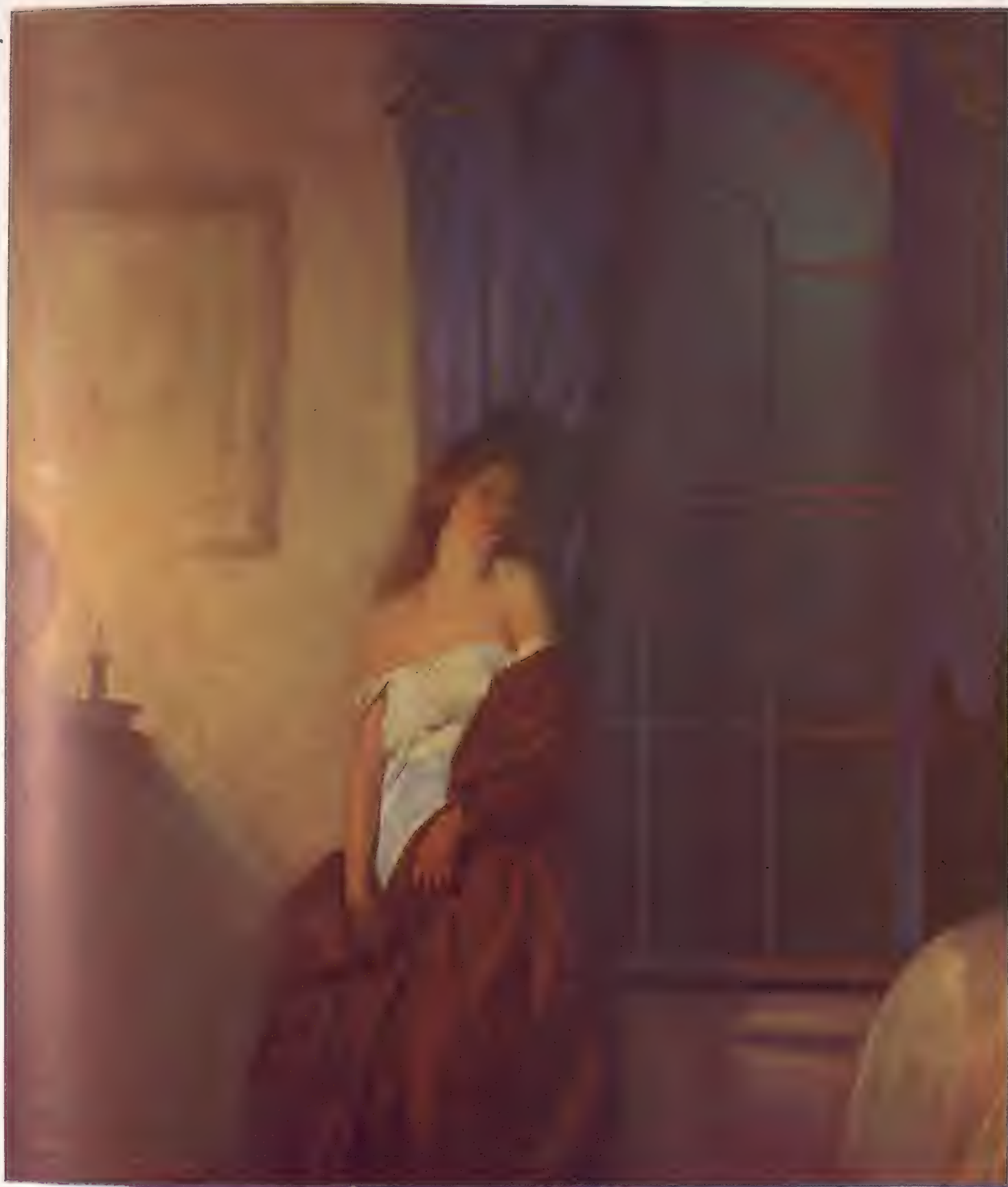


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'GOLD FLAKE'

The smooth cigarette

TYPICAL CHARACTERS

to be found on a

Brazilian Coffee Fazenda

Taken from *Life* by TONY WYSARD

On the left is O JOAO, the fiscal—a sort of sergeant-major—whose job it is to keep the workers on the fazenda from going to sleep. He doesn't believe in back-chat

CHICO, a member of the household staff, with a cache of bananas

A BRAZILIAN STIRRUP-CUP OF COFFEE. Note the umbrella, universally carried when riding, but purely out of ostentation



ANTONIO, an Italian emigrant, having a difference of opinion with that delightful source of annoyance, the "bicho do pé." Meanwhile his eleventh, though not necessarily youngest son, JOSE, is intent on capturing a mamao, which is a luscious fruit something like a bad melon



ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Abdulla at the Carnival



THE TEMPLE OF VENUS

Through slender marble columns
 Caressing sea winds blow—
 The votaries of Venus
 Came hither long ago
 With music and with garlands
 And doves as white as snow.

The same clear stars behold us
 And light our Masquerade;
 But, while we throng her Temple
 With dance and serenade,
 Abdulla's fragrant Incense
 At Venus' feet is laid.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

• TURKISH •

EGYPTIAN

AT OATRIDGE, MIDLOTHIAN



CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM AND LADY ANNE EGERTON



SIR WALTER AND LADY MORRISON-LOWE AND THEIR DAUGHTER



THE HON. CHARLES AND MRS. DOUGLAS



Ian Smith

MR. D. SPENCE-COLBY AND THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE



Ian Smith

MISS BAIRD, LORD HOPETOUN, AND A FRIEND

The Oatridge course, where the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire always run their point-to-point, is a good one for the gallery and a very definite proposition for the performer, for there is—or was anyway—a Scottish wall in the menu of the obstacles. The country itself is very wired-up. Of those in these pictures, Lady Anne Egerton is Lord and Lady Ellesmere's eldest of their six daughters. Captain Cunningham was performing. The Hon. Charles Douglas is a son of the Earl of Morton. Sir Walter Morrison-Lowe's seat is Kilmaron Castle, near Cupar, Fifeshire. He was formerly in the Scots Guards. The Duchess of Montrose is a daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton. Miss Baird, who is with Lord Linlithgow's son, is the daughter of Lady Hersey Baird and a niece of the Marquess of Conyngham

AT TWO JUMPING MEETINGS



BRIG.-GENERAL AND MRS. ROTTON

AT THE CHEPSTOW 'CHASES
MISS MURIEL WATSON, ADMIRAL WALKER-
HENEAGE-VIVIAN AND MISS BERYL STANLEY

LORD AND LADY COMBERMERE

The going at Chepstow, where they had a mixed card of steeplechases and hurdle races, was very heavy indeed, and there were a lot of very tired horses at the finish of most of the events, especially the 'chases. Brigadier-General Rotton, who used to be a Gunner, is High Sheriff of Shropshire for 1930. He was keen on pig-sticking when in India. Admiral Walker-Heneage-Vivian, besides other interesting episodes in a distinguished career, was second-in-command of the Naval contingent at Ladysmith. Lord Combermere's seat is Neuadd Crickhowel, Breconshire

CAPTAIN E. LANE-FOX AND MISS
FELICITY LANE-FOXAT THE BEDALE POINT-TO-POINT
MRS. PHILIP PEASE, CAPTAIN R. L. DUGDALE, AND
MR. MAURICE PEASEMAJOR SIR GUY GRAHAM, BART., AND
MR. A. W. MALLINSON

Some of the people who were at this famous old hunt's point-to-point, which was run off very successfully at Gatenby, Yorkshire. The Bedale country originally formed part of the immense Raby territory hunted in those times by the Earl of Darlington (1st Duke of Cleveland), who was fifty-three years Master of Hounds and gave up in 1832 when Mr. Mark Milbank of Thorpe Perrow took on and is cited as the first Master proper of the Bedale. The present Master is Mr. W. W. Burdon, who has had them since 1925 and hunts hounds himself. Mr. A. W. Mallinson is the hon. sec.



THE NEW "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS"

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD

To achieve any kind of success in a rôle which has been played by the two outstanding emotional actresses of an epoch—Duse and Bernhardt—is to accomplish a very considerable triumph, and Miss Tallulah Bankhead may claim to have done this. "Marguerite" was a mechanical part from its very inception, the whole of Dumas' play of the stage very stagey and melodramatic, and therefore the handicap on any actress a heavy one. Neither Duse nor Sarah Bernhardt possessed Miss Tallulah Bankhead's physical advantages, and in that regard had a still further handicap against the magnificent acting successes which they achieved



Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

Secret Service in Red Russia

By

SIR PAUL DUKES, K.B.E.

CHAPTER III.

I ENDEAVOURED to implicate my countrymen, and especially my countrywomen, in my activities as little as possible, but there was one Englishwoman who performed signal services for me. She had an English school and I was rather anxious to know if this school was still functioning.

Telephone calls with camouflaged conversations and efforts to arrange a meeting in a cathedral having failed, I cautiously approached the school one day by the back door.

It was on the third floor. I pulled the bell and bolted down the stairs to a point of vantage whence I could see who would look over the banisters. If it were an unknown face I would have time to get out before discovery. But it was the English lady herself.

Her astonishment was very great at my appearance, but from that moment she took my presence in the city and my erratic comings and goings as a matter of course, and never displayed the slightest fear or nervousness.

Occasionally, when very hard up for a night's lodging, I put up on a couch in her library, though I did not like doing this in a place where I was particularly likely to be taken for an Englishman. But the advantage of the room was that behind one of the shelves of books I discovered a hole in the wall in which I could hide money and papers.

Frequently we had alarms. The front-door bell would ring at most unexpected hours, sometimes late in the night. My hostess would conduct long conversations with unwelcome visitors through the closed door, then fumble with the chain and the lock as if it were out of order. This always gave me time to collect my things and get into the kitchen, so as to slip out by the back entrance if the visitors were soldiers.



"The cry of 'Search!' was raised and hell was let loose on the train"

We had a sign by which I should know from the street when it was safe for me to enter the flat. If a flower-pot stood in the window all was well. If not, I was on no account to enter.

After one of the nocturnal surprises the flower-pot was absent for a week or two, and it turned out that the Cheka had left a soldier to sleep in the flat. Eventually the flower-pot reappeared. My hostess was as serene as if nothing had occurred and laughed the whole thing off as a joke.

After my own escape from Russia I succeeded in having this lady brought out by one of my couriers, who drove her across the ice of the Finnish Gulf to Finland without the mishap that had befallen me on that same route.

Whenever I could I brought my friends food, and on the occasion of my last clandestine journey from Finland managed to carry a pair of lady's shoes and some slabs of cooking chocolate. But these articles suffered many vicissitudes before I was able to deliver them.

I had travelled on skis, with the shoes and chocolate tied in a parcel round my waist. When I tumbled into a stream and emerged encased in ice (the temperature was 20 deg. below zero) I still clung to the parcel. It froze to my coat, and I later had to thaw it off with the rest of my clothing.

At last I was in the train and nearing Petrograd. The compartment was designed for six people, but at one moment there were fourteen in it, and everybody had some sort of sack or bag stuffed with food they were smuggling into the starving capital. I was wedged in a corner, sitting on my packet of shoes.

(Continued on p. viii)



THE AUTHOR

In the disguise he wore in Madame O's flat

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are as beautiful as you would expect them to be



*Y*OU cannot think of the name of Elizabeth Arden without thinking of beauty—Miss Arden has identified herself so completely with the creation of loveliness according to her own high standards

International—cosmopolitan—her Salons are as enchanting as you would expect when a skilled architect and an inspired decorator create beauty under Miss Arden's own enthusiastic direction. Whatever the setting may be, there is that unity of purpose—that uniformity of treatment and ideals—which is only possible when the founder of a great organization continues in active control of its destiny.

It is this which gives to Elizabeth Arden's Salons, Treatments and Preparations their rare

quality—the fact that Miss Arden remains, as she has always been, the personal inspiration of the great enterprise which bears her name.

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ROME

BERLIN

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Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"



R. Horne

AT THE K.R.R. POINT-TO-POINT

Major and Mrs. G. S. Oxley at Shipton Bellinger, near Tidworth, last week, where the 60th ran their meeting. Major Oxley, who rides a very good race between the flags, is in the 2nd Battalion

the British Isles have for anything and everything of a particularly unpleasant nature in the way of weather. They seem to be a regular magnet and entice all these things to our shores in rows and stacks. They never seem to hit any other place on the earth excepting for a few tornadoes and earthquakes which Japan, Miami, the Windward Islands, and so forth, are permitted to have. The following, I submit, is a very fair rough idea of what we get:—

"The following is the weather forecast for to-morrow and the day after:—

A deep trough of low pressure with several secondaries is moving across Scotland and Whitechapel from the S.E. Another depression in the Atlantic is moving E., and will strike Ulster and Ireland in the early morning and will be followed by heavy rain, sleet, and snow in the British Isles; also a spot of fog.

A depression from South Scandinavia is also moving in the direction of N.E. England; there may be some bright periods, but they will be followed by snow, ground frost and winds which will reach gale force all over England.

Another depression from Northern France is likewise moving in the direction of the British Isles.

Snow blizzards from Germany, with heavy snowstorms over the North Sea, may be expected in the region of Southend and the Houses of Parliament about noon to-morrow.

A cyclonic storm from Spain will hit the S. coast of England during the next twenty-four hours. Thunder and rain squalls are anticipated.

A further ridge of low pressure will pass over S.W. England and spread E. and N. about lunch time.

General forecast: Rather unsettled."

It seems to me that it would save a lot of time and trouble if they said quite shortly, "Any depressions which are knocking around are all coming to England."

It is rarely that I dabble in crime, and I am now heartily sorry for having meddled with that well-known firm Banbury Burglars, Ltd., who have been carrying on some very

The "Come to Britain" movement, excellent as it is in many ways, I think has been rather overdone by the Tempests and Depressions. Anyone who is a careful student of the Weather Reports (as per B.B.C.) will no doubt have noted what a fatal fascination

extensive and lucrative operations in the houses of M.F.H.'s and ex-M.F.H.'s, and as I am given to understand by a sure hand (the firm's publicity agent from the extremely polite and even unctuous language in which his letter is couched), have not yet completed their season's programme. Apparently the firm have been so discourteous and uncouth as to meddle with someone who is known to many of us as Mrs. Fitz Garter, the lady who caused even some Viceregal and Episcopal thrones to totter when she was on *safari*, as may be said, one cold weather in India. "Ananias" Smith, a supremely good judge in matters of this sort, always described Blanche FitzGarter as "an illeesive woman," but she has not for all that escaped the attention of Banbury Burglars, Ltd., whose chairman is a lame gentleman who drives a car which can pretty nearly give the Kaye Don "Silver Bullet" the go-by.

However to proceed. My small reference in these notes, with a request that Banbury Burglars, Ltd., should return medals, insignia of the Bath, or other things which are

not strictly within the schedule of articles with which so eminent a firm should deal, have brought me: (a) A veiled communication from Kenya, and (b) a printed letter, signed "Yours very sincerely, Signor Mussolini, Premier, Rome," offering a sum of £200 for the best "Life History of Lady Duchesse Blanche La Grande Sartrouville, France, Seine et Oise, with photographs." Can it be that the two things are one and the same



Arthur Owen

AT THE DUMFRIESSHIRE POINT-TO-POINT

Major J. A. Coats, who is Master of the Eglinton; Commander Kenneth Greig, who is a brother of Wing-Commander Louis Greig; Mrs. Kenneth Greig; and Mrs. George Coats. These 'chases were run at Hungary Hill, near Lockerbie

person? Even if they are not, both appear to be badly in need of a gallant rescuer, for on the back of the letter, signed as I have just noted, is printed the following strange eventful history:

La Duchesse hopes to trace her stolen property.

(Cont. on p. xii)



R. Horne

COLONEL AND MRS. G. C. KELLY

Another snapshot at the K.R.R. Point-to-Point at Shipton Bellinger, near Tidworth, where the 2nd Battalion is now stationed. Colonel G. C. Kelly, D.S.O., used to be in this battalion



The March of Time



We've come a long way since those dear Edwardian ladies with their hats perched perilously on the tops of their ample padded coiffures, prattled away in those hazy, lazy days of twenty-five years ago. The women of to-day have shortened their skirts and lengthened their stride. Our clothes are freer and so very much more sensible. There is only one remnant—one reminder of the terrible discomforts of a bygone age—our shoes. The ordinary shoes we wear every day are still as distorting and as uncomfortable as ever. For ordinary shoes do not really conform

to the outline of your feet. They disregard the straight inner line of the normal healthy foot and squeeze and crowd the toes into the most uncomfortable positions. But Cantilever Shoes will bring relief. For Cantilever Shoes are designed to conform to your feet. Like your feet they have a straight inner line which gives freedom and comfort and allows you to walk for long distances without getting tired. Comfortable, good-looking, Cantilevers are made for women, children and men in a wide range of sizes. In Cantilever Shoes you will find a perfect fitting.

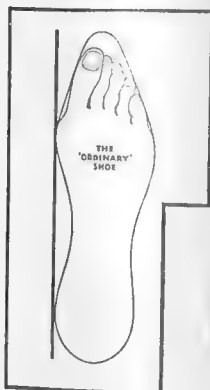
Cantilevers must be fitted by a personal call at a Cantilever Store.

Write for "Miles of Smiles," our free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principle, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store:—

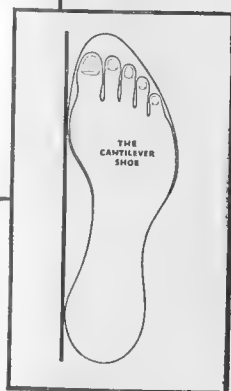
CANTILEVER LTD., NORTHAMPTON.

Cantilever Shoes

for comfortable walking.



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.



This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

ANOTHER story told by Sir Harry Lauder:

"Two old cronies met one day and they had not met for some long time.

"How are ye gettin' on wi' yer hens, Johnnie?" asked one, remembering that rearing poultry had always been a strong suit with him.

"Oh," said Johnnie, "I've stoppit the hen business entirely. I'm raisin' pigs now, an' if you would like to see the best litter in Lanarkshire, just tak' a step doon our way ony time you like!"

"As luck would have it, Johnnie's friend was down in his district the very next day and called upon him. His wife came to the door. "I would like to see the wee swine, Mrs. Broon," said the visitor.

"He'll no be back till six o'clock!" promptly said the lady."

The manager of a local theatre had announced that shortly he intended to put on a children's play with youngsters taking the various parts. Mrs. Jones accordingly took her smallest son along and to her delight the manager granted her an interview.

"I suppose your little boy has acted before?" he asked.

"Oh no, never, sir," she replied, "but 'e spoke up beautiful as a witness at the police court the other day."

A man was feeling queer and went to consult a doctor. After examining him the doctor said: "You must have plenty of fresh air and exercise, no meat food, and only ten cigarettes a day."

"But —," began the patient.

"No buts," said the doctor, gently but firmly, "no meat, and only ten cigarettes a day."

Three weeks later the patient called again. "Oh, not too bad," he replied in answer to the doctor's questions, "but I can't for the life of me see why you wanted to make me start smokin' at fifty."

"* * *

"This case is getting on my nerves," said the company promoter to his leading Counsel. "How long is it going to take?"

The other smiled.

"Well, it will take me about two days," he replied, "but I expect it will take you about five years."



Yevonde

ENCORE A WAR PLAY!

Miss Diana Hamilton, in collaboration with her brother, Mr. Bruce Hamilton, is to give us the next and newest war play. It deals with the attitude of civilization towards the War, and is being produced by Sir Barry Jackson in Birmingham on May 17. Miss Diana Hamilton first gained fame by the beauty of her acting in that strange play, "Outward Bound"



Stage Photo Co.

MISS ULA SHARON IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

Miss Ula Sharon plays the part of the première danseuse of the Court in the big musical production of Dumas' famous story at Drury Lane to music by Friml. It is a first-class show in every department, and Miss Ula Sharon more than does her bit on the light fantastic side

One day a golfer who was known to be incredibly slow was being even slower than usual. To make matters worse he lost his ball in the rough at the seventeenth. The search lasted for nearly half an hour, when at last the caddie stumbled on a ball.

The player examined it carefully.

"H'm," he said, "I'm not at all certain that this is mine. It looks rather an old ball."

"Sure," said the caddie, with a sigh, "think of the time we've been out!"

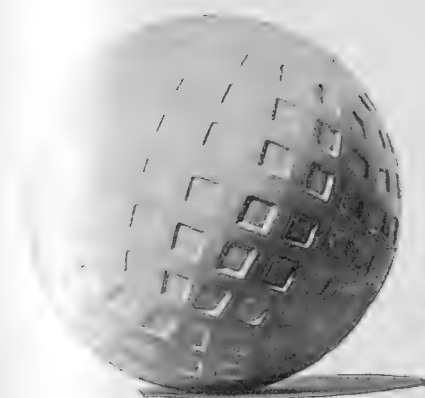
"* * *

Murphy arrived home in a terrible state. His face was covered with sticking-plaster, and he could hardly see his loving wife when she met him. "An' who is it," she asked, "that has been belabourin' ye? Who is it that has been crawlin' all over that face of yours and spilin' its ugliness? Do you mane to tell me that that undersoized spalpeen, Mike Doherty—" At this point Pat broke in with: "Whisht, woman, whisht; nivver spake ill of the dead!"

"* * *

The class was being given a lesson on fish and their habits. "And," said the teacher impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand baby dolphins."

"Goodness!" ejaculated one round-eyed child, "and how many do the married ones have?"



— and NOW for the Second Round

Guinness is refreshing, invigorating, soothing. It guards the golfer against that tiredness which so often spoils a card towards the end of the round.

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU



MR. AND MRS. JOHN NORTH WILLYS AT PALM BEACH

Mr. John North Willys, the new U.S. Ambassador to Poland and the famous automobile magnate, and Mrs. Willys in the grounds of their estate at Palm Beach, Fla. Mr. Willys was recently appointed to Poland, the post left vacant by the recent death of Mr. Alexander P. Moore

Knotty Point.

WE are constantly being told—though I confess I have never been able to find much substantial ground for the statement—that those of us who aspire to continue to drive motor-cars, together with others who are about to start *de novo*, will, one of these fine days, have to “sit” for an examination which shall test our proficiency. I expect that British common-sense will prove too big a fence for this sort of proposition to jump, but nevertheless I think it would not be a bad idea if motorists had, so to speak, to pass through their matriculation. If the worst came to the worst they would at least learn something about the laws which govern them. For example, there are some holes in the existing motor-car laws through which any man of nous and enterprise can drive a Rolls-Royce limousine. It is singularly hateful, I find, to reflect upon certain occasions now marked upon my driving licence when, had I known the law as well as I do now, I could have got away scot-free. Now when that examination paper has to be set nothing would please me more than to have a hand in its compilation. Here and now I could put down a list of perhaps a dozen real “teasers” (many of which would expose the inconsistencies and the follies of our authorities), but the one which I think would be the most difficult to answer,



Glanfield

MRS. ERIC LOVELL

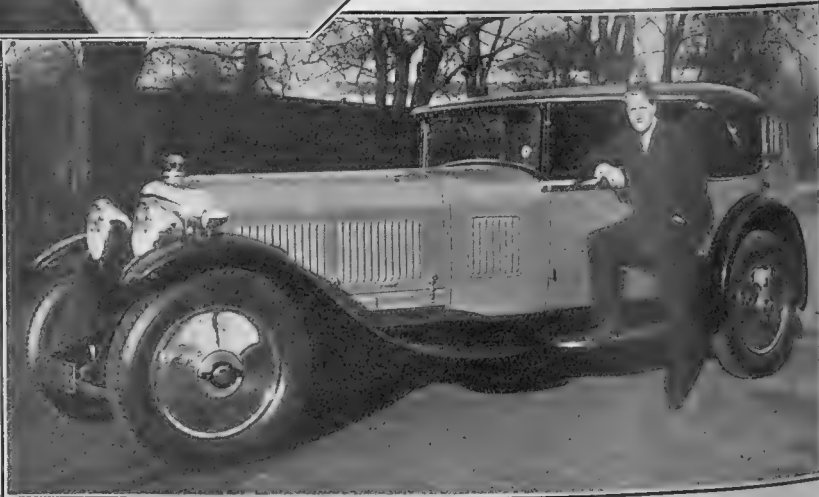
Who is a well-known airwoman, is the daughter of Herr Lindbergh, Mayor of Gothenburg, Sweden. Mrs. Lovell and other members of the Heston Air Park were intending to start, but it has had to be abandoned, on April 17 on a ten-days' European cruise. She married Captain Eric Lovell

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

would be this simple little affair: “What is a sporting car?” Time was—and not so very long ago, either—when the average motorist would have said, and with justice, that it was a car that was a little bit faster, a great deal noisier, and far less comfortable than its so-called “standard touring” prototype. That reply would have got its full marks; it might even have got an Alpha Plus if the examinee had added that, essentially, a sporting car was an unadulterated nuisance to everyone except its not too particular owner. But nowadays all that is changed. The sporting car is clothed with an entirely different tradition, and it has to answer to utterly different standards. For example, it would not be an outrage to describe the Phantom II. Rolls-Royce as a sporting car. I can testify that even with a seven-seater closed body it can be a very sporting affair indeed certainly so far as speed and acceleration is concerned. Then what about this new extra-special Daimler Double-Six, built for my friend Captain C. B. Wilson, that I inspected the other day in the show-rooms of Stratton-Instone, Ltd.? (No, Stratton Street was not named after the late senior partner of that firm, though it very well might have been.) Here is certainly a sporting vehicle *par excellence*. It is so low that very little of the body-work comes above the level of the wings. It must be extremely fast, by which I mean that the “eighties” become a mere common-place. And yet right throughout its range it will be silent and smooth and vibrationless. Such a car in respect of performance is easily capable of making most sports and super-sports models look like change for a threepenny bit. But even so, is it a genuine “sporting model”? I rather doubt it. I would describe it as an out-and-out luxury car of a type that is bound to establish a growing vogue. It could of course be made a sports car—if, for instance, Thrupp and Maberly had furnished it with ferro-concrete cushions, if the shock-absorbers were screwed up to the limit, if the springs were made so that they would not work at all below sixty miles an hour, if there were no wind-screen, and if the exhaust opened itself into a 6-in. drain-pipe, and if all the details had been washed out by second-rate mechanics instead of by first-class engineers; if its behaviour were coarse and rough, and if its appearance alone justified any policeman in thinking he had got a big fish. Now this vehicle to which I refer is not as you may suppose a mass production job. I would accordingly dub it a “special” rather than a “sporting” job. To put it in the latter category would be to do it less than justice, for it would have to rub mud-guards with so many things that are “sporting” only in the catalogue sense; that attain high speed only at the sacrifice of controllability; that yield abominably little

(Continued on p. xv)



MR. CARLYLE BLACKWELL AND HIS BENTLEY

The well-known and popular film star and director, who has just completed work on a talkie entitled “Bed-Rock,” which he directed as well as playing the leading part

CLIMBING NORWOOD EDGE — 2000 yards of twisting road—1-in-8 gradient on the second bend . . . *in top all the way . . .*



Approaching the hill known as Norwood Edge, a few miles from Leeds, drivers ordinarily change down at the bridge, in order to take the first bend. Then they change down yet again at the second bend, which is famous throughout all motoring Yorkshire for its steep climb . . . But the Buick driver goes the whole way in top gear! Taking the first bend, with no gear-change, at 22 m.p.h., this "top-gear car" mounts the 1-in-8 gradient of the second, too, without a change down—and goes round the third and fourth bends at 20 m.p.h. still in top gear—smoothly, easily, with no effort at all!

BEFORE wagons, before chariots, before even wheel or axle reached England, the lines of her roadways were laid down. Lighthearted, wandering, ancient roads—made for people with lots of time!

Delightful, temperamental roads—but very difficult, very tiring for modern motorists! Turns and twists, blind corners, sudden steep ascents, the jam of traffic in ancient narrow streets . . .

Again and again the driver of a car must change gear—in town and country, on even the shortest run!

This is why the Buick is so often the choice of those who know cars, who want trouble-free driving—because it can do practically anything in top gear, quickly and easily. Except to start, the Buick driver rarely needs to touch the gear-lever.

Its brilliant easy sweep up Norwood Edge is only typical of the way it solves all road difficulties.

The Buick's famous overhead-valve engine, developed through more than 26

years' devotion to sound engineering principles, makes this wonderful performance possible . . . And the 1930 models are 8% more powerful than earlier Buicks.

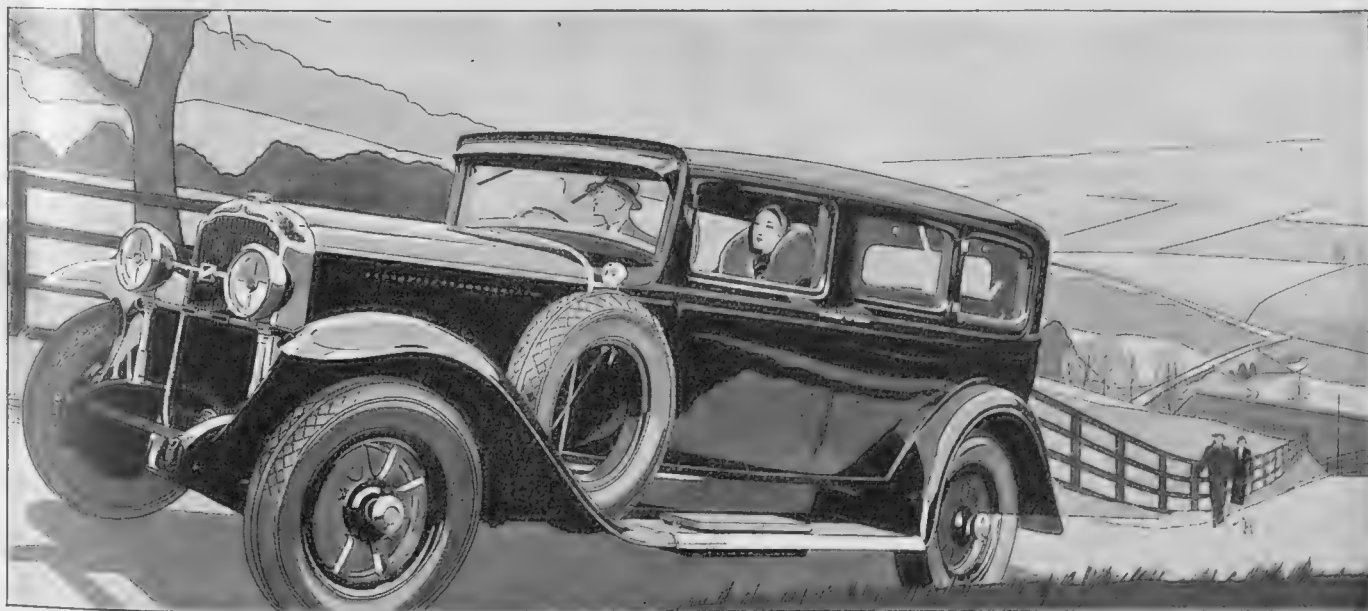
Drive a new Buick! Any dealer will gladly let you borrow one. No obligation.

Throttle it down to a walking pace—then accelerate. It will speed from 5 to 25 m.p.h. in a flash (actually it can accelerate from 10 to 40 m.p.h. in just 12 seconds in top!) . . . Try a hill. It will take the average steep slope in top . . . Do a sharp corner in top . . . Test its new brakes (internal-expanding, mechanical-type Duo-Servo). Notice how smoothly you ride—due to the new double-acting hydraulic Lovejoy shock-absorbers and the semi-elliptic springs . . .

Prices from £485 to £695 . . . All models are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments.

See the Marquette, too—lower in price, smaller and lighter than the Buick. The saloon is priced at only £335. Write for detailed specifications to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

BUICK, PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



A 1930 Buick . . . Pullman 7-Passenger Limousine . . . ascending Norwood Edge in top



PRINCE VLORA OF NORWAY AND THE AGA KHAN

On the links at Cagnes. The Aga's three-year-olds look as if they might dominate the situation in this year's classics, as he holds a strong hand of trumps, both colts and fillies

the flood victims. Such a crowd of people came to see the wonders of the house and garden, and Colonel Balsan was quite indefatigable, and took parties of people round all the afternoon.

The same day Sir John and Lady Ward (who are staying until well into May this season, for their younger son is coming down for the holidays this week) gave a very large garden party at the Villa Rosemary, where many well-known people were to be seen, and there were oh's and ah's of admiration over the glorious colour schemes of the big flower borders and the wonderful wild garden beyond. Lord Forres, too, up at his Villa Montangel, at Mentone, opened the gardens for the afternoon in aid of charity, so that altogether I had a busy time, trying not to miss any of the three. It was a most gorgeous day of sunshine, and in the evening we went to the big gala at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo, where the room was a wonderful sight, with its closely packed tables and gorgeously-dressed women. After our glittering head-dresses of the week before, we were all eagerness to see what our "favourites" would be this time, and we were not disappointed, as they turned out to be quite the most charming travelling cloaks that I have seen for a long time. There were some lovely dresses and jewellery to be seen, and one of the best-dressed women in the room was the Countess de Pourtales, who looked charming as usual.

Mrs. Cartwright was very handsome in dark green chiffon. Lady Kent was in black lace. I saw the Hereditary Prince of Fürstenberg and Princess Mena of Fürstenberg, Sir Ralph Blois (an uncle of the present Duchess of Westminster), Madame Saaveda, Princess Lichnowsky, Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall (who by the way made a wonderful lot of money at the "Phares de France" Charity Gala last week) and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Barton. The Grand Duke Dmitri and Princess Illinskia were much missed, as they are very regular attendants of the Sunday night galas.

Lord Rothermere, who has been here for some ten days now, has just left, while the Hon. Harry Stonor, who has been paying a round of visits and is now back in Monte Carlo, leaves next week for Zurich. Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalziel, Lord and Lady Inchcape, General Pole Gell, and Lady MacCarthy, are very regular visitors to the Sporting Club, while Mrs. Sofer Whitburn has just left; and the Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald and his pretty wife are amongst the many people expected for Easter, when there will be, amongst other attractions, the International Tennis Tournament at the Country Club, where all the "younger brigade," both boys and girls, will be represented as there are two gorgeous new challenge cups (in addition, of course, to all the usual events) to be competed for by boys and girls respectively, under the age of twenty.

Mr. Kingsley McComber gives the Boys' Cup (which is gold and a beauty) and Mr. Erskine Boltz (who is a great lawn tennis fan and plays a great deal at his lovely Beaulieu villa)

Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER,—I seem to have visited more lovely gardens during the last few days than I have done for years past. First of all I went over to Eze, where Colonel and Madame Balsan (who are just back from their trip up the Nile and are off again before Easter) threw open their lovely villa, "Son Soleil" and its gorgeous gardens for the benefit of

the Girls' Cup, which is incidentally being played for the very first time.

In the immediate future, however, is the Grand Prix de Monaco motor race, and judging from what I hear of the numbers of people who are coming, I fancy there will not be a single inch left of space on any roof-top in Monte Carlo on Sunday afternoon. Ever so many big parties from Cannes are coming over for the day, including of course the Claude Grahame-Whites, who are the most energetic people in the world and miss absolutely nothing that is going on, Señorita d'Alvarez, too, will be amongst the spectators, and I hear that a lot of well-known Italian folk are coming up specially to see their wonderful team of famous drivers race. Already all the roads along the route are barricaded, and great piles of sand-bags lie in every corner. The most elaborate parking arrangements have been made for the spectators' cars, as it is literally impossible to get anywhere near the town during the race, and many people last year had to leave their cars over a mile away and walk the rest.

The German champion, Carriola, is prime favourite at the moment in the absence of Mr. Malcolm Campbell (whom we are all bitterly disappointed to hear is not coming after all), but I myself think that last year's winner, Williams, will take a deal of beating.

The polo season has been such a success that it was unanimously decided yesterday, at a meeting of the members, to keep on for another three weeks, and indeed many of the players have decided to keep their ponies on even later still at Mandelieu. The final in the women's nomination tournament resulted in a win for the "Kangaroos," whose team consisted of Balding, Madlener, Major "Eddie" Johnstone, and Brooksbank. This weekend there is an American handicap tournament in which three teams will compete.



SIR CECIL TYRRELL BECK

Who is a very well-known figure in Monte, is an ex-member for the Saffron Walden Division, and is a barrister by profession

There has been a big demand for tickets for the charity performance of *Quand Cannes Rit* at the Cannes Casino Theatre, where the Duchesse de Noailles and a great many Society people are appearing, and I think we shall have an amusing evening, which I will tell you more of next week. I must fly now, as I am off to a cocktail party at the Hôtel de Paris.—CAROLINE.



AT BEAULIEU: PRINCESS LUBOVIC AND COUNT ARTEUS

Who are two of the best lawn-tennis players from Czecho-Slovakia, who have been on the Riviera this season

DREAMS BY WORTHINGTON



THE GARDENER'S DREAM

Eve at

Yorkshire Wins the Northern Foursomes

IF the early stages of Eve Northern Foursomes at Alwoodley recorded last week were exciting, they were as nothing compared with the absolute crescendo of thrills on the last two days. And tearing winds from all the different points of the compass, and snow into the bargain, took their share in keeping players on the rack and spectators on tenterhooks. Spectators, do you say, in something that was first cousin to a blizzard? Yes, a hundred or more of them, with all the solemnity of a rope to keep them in their proper place, graced the final, a wonderful tribute to golfing enthusiasm in Yorkshire, the general hardness of the race, and the attraction of some extraordinarily fine matches.

There was, for instance, a wonderful match between the holders, Miss D. R. Fowler and Miss Lobbett, and the pair they beat in last year's final, Mrs. Heaton and Miss Corlett, who was the runner-up in the English Championship in 1926. The match started with seven halves, all but one hole in good figures. Then Mrs. Heaton and Miss Corlett both went exploring out of bounds in the wood where the magpies live, and that was a hole to the others. Then ding dong again until, with her side one up, the wood had further fatal attraction for Miss Corlett at the 15th and the match was squared. From that moment the holders played really high-class golf; so did Mrs. Heaton, but Miss Corlett, fine putter as a rule, had, unfortunately, on this occasion lost all touch on the greens, and could not stand up to Miss Lobbett's excellence in this department.



WHAT THEY WON: MRS. BRADSHAW AND MISS RUDGARD WITH THE "EVE" CUPS AND REPLICAS

the latter pair who were 3 up and 4 to go with, moreover, a stroke to be received at the 16th. What happened then was a socket from Mrs. Charles, poor brave Mrs. Charles, who had carried the side most of the afternoon, and hey presto, the next thing was the match all square with the last hole to play. Mrs. Foley played the sort of second shot, almost home, which does infinite credit to anyone who has played golf for such a comparatively short time, and Mrs. Charles followed it with a very fine run up. And then what did Mrs. Bradshaw do but near as nothing hole the odd shot out of a deep and dreadful bunker, which so flabbergasted Mrs. Foley that she missed a putt that she would probably

(Continued on p. xxvi)

GOLF

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

An Alwoodley pair, Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, provided one of the other thrills of the morning, losing at the 19th after being 3 up and 4 to go on Miss Allan and Mrs. Hardicker, whilst the lacrosse-playing heroines of the afternoon before (Miss Pollitt and Miss Wilcocks, who had beaten Miss Enid Wilson's side) kept on steadily and got home again on the last green. They were to be beaten that afternoon, overwhelmed by cold, the importance of the occasion, and the brilliance of golf as played by Miss Judith Fowler and Mrs. Cooper, but they had made their name, and will be kept an eye on in future.

That afternoon saw an amazing match and marvellous escape for the eventual winners, Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw. At the start of the proceedings they seemed to have the measure very comfortably of Mrs. Dudley Charles and Mrs. Foley. Then they let things slip until it was



THE LAST EIGHT AT ALWOODLEY: MISS LOBBETT AND MISS D. R. FOWLER (Finalists); MISS C. DOWNES AND MRS. HUGH PERCY, MRS. RAYMOND COOPER AND MISS J. FOWLER; AND MRS. BRADSHAW AND MISS RUDGARD



State Express 555 Cigarettes
are the same superlative
quality the World over.
Made by hand—one at a
time—of the unique 555
leaf, their perfection gives
that lasting satisfaction
which more than justifies
their little extra cost.

STATE EXPRESS
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

555

25 for 2/-

ARDATH TOBACCO
CO. LTD. LONDON

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Lingerie Touches that Tell.

THE longer skirts and raised waist-lines have received so much attention that it is a relief to leave them alone for the moment and to consider the minor details of fashion. There are the lingerie touches which are so simple nevertheless expensive. Piqué is seen everywhere, not only as vestees, collars and cuffs on dresses, but in connection with tweed suits, and it is more often than not used for piping pockets and motifs, or to emphasize an insertion. A little chiffon tweed frock will have an Eton collar of piqué, the cape coat which accompanies it having its collar-band slipped beneath the piqué. Again there are piqué capes which just turn the shoulders and are reinforced with polo collars and link-fasteners. Another idea is to have a collar and gauntlet cuffs entirely composed of narrow frills of organdi, or there may be jabots with puff sleeves; the latter are provided with clips so that they may be easily removed; neither must the Puritan collars of broderie anglaise be overlooked.

Fashion Jewellery.

Wonderful colour alliances characterize the new dress jewellery. A lovely necklace is composed of pale blue harebells; tiny pink beads fill the centre of the bells, which are in turn mounted on a rope of pink and blue beads interspersed

Hotel; it was there that Debenham and Freebody set the stage for theirs. There was a wonderful silence when, to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a stately bride appeared wearing a medieval gown of white satin embroidered with pearls. She was followed by two grown-up bridesmaids in picture-frocks, one of pink and the other of blue net, while the tiny damsel wore a pink net frock and the page a blue silk suit. The Parade came to a close with another bride in a magnificent gown of silver brocade; the bridesmaids were respectively dressed in yellow and white taffetas. There were several lovely Court gowns, many having been specially created for the debutante. It is impossible to describe individual creations, as there were nearly 200; suffice to say that the majority had come hot-foot from Paris. There were ensembles for morning, afternoon, and evening wear, fur coats ranging in price from 29 to 2,000 guineas, artistic negligees, while the fascinating beach wraps, bathing-suits, and pyjamas simply made one long for the summer.

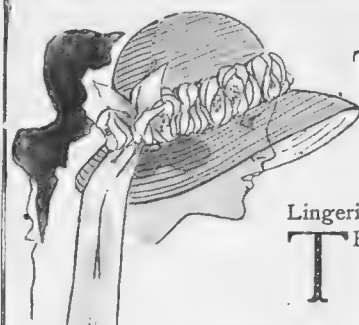
According to the Clock.

Again this season did Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, stage their mannequin parade in accordance with the clock, and although the hours represented were from ten in the morning until midnight the parade took less than an hour. As the clock struck ten a bevy of mannequins stepped out from grandfathers' clocks attired in those simple affairs that all women like for morning wear. At

eleven o'clock they reappeared wearing everything necessary for golf. A blue golf carrier, gloves, and hat accompanied a tweed coat and skirt in which blue shades predominated. At one o'clock, the hour for lunch, the dresses were more decorative. There were printed crêpe de chine dresses with plain coats; a black velvet coat was enriched

with ermine; a smart black cloth coat and skirt had a collar of summer ermine which matched the beige blouse. The wedding hour was ten o'clock; the first bride's dress was of white satin with slightly raised waist-line and full skirt almost of the picture character. The arrangement of the veil was particularly interesting; it was held in position with three narrow bands of satin which went over the head, a trail of orange

(Continued on p. ii)



Here are a trio of Pamela hats for little ladies. The one at the top is of crinoline straw with wreaths of flower petals, the Victorian bonnet is of woven lace hemp, and the picture-hat is of rush trimmed with shell flowers. (See p. ii).

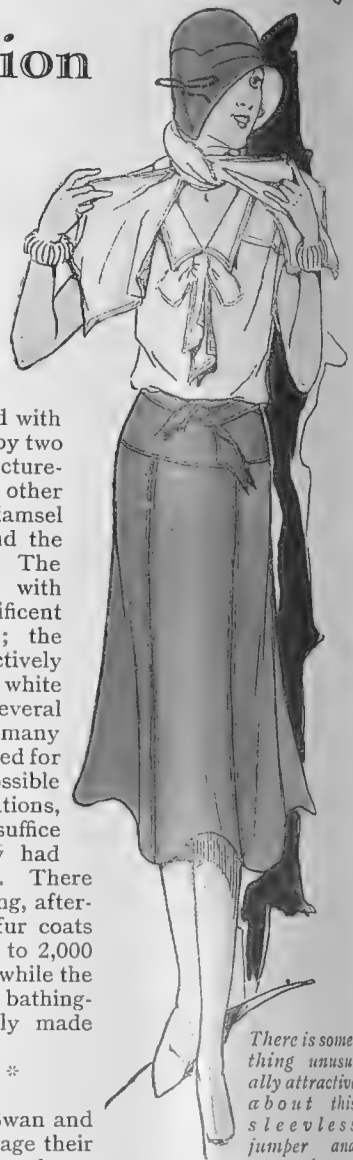
with crystals. Another idea is to take wooden beads the size of a small marble and cover with the same fabric as the dress; these beads are sometimes mingled with crystal rondels. Tubes of ivory about half an inch long are threaded on elastic and worn in choker fashion; they are destined for sportswomen, and so are the straw necklaces. Necklaces and bracelets composed of miniature mirrors strike another new note.

Here Comes the Bride.

No more artistic setting could be imagined for a Dress Parade than the ballroom suite at the May Fair



Fashions for the tiny tots are very well understood at P. Steinmann and Co.'s, 185, Piccadilly, W. The frock on the left is of white muslin strewn with pink dots, and the one on the right is of net, and the other of organdi. (See p. ii)



There is something unusually attractive about this sleeveless jumper and scarf expressed in Rose du Barri Chanel jersey. It comes from Peggie Ross's, 43, South Audley Street, and so do the tweed skirt and hat. (See p. ii)

2 important factors which create a LOVELY SKIN



Cleansing Tissues

Soft and absorbent as old linen. For removing cold cream.

Per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.

Skin Freshener

An astringent carefully prepared for use after cold cream.

Per Bottle 5/6, 3/- and 1/-.

In the possession of a lovely complexion chance plays a part of less importance than many of us think. It is of greater importance to devote a few pleasant minutes every day to the care of the skin.

Last thing at night and as often as the skin needs cleansing during the day, smooth on *Pond's Cold Cream*. Its subtle oils penetrate the pores and dissolve all the impurities which gather there beyond the reach of soap and water, easing them to the surface. It is then a simple matter to wipe away the soiled cream, and the skin is left absolutely clear.

To protect the delicate skin from the weather and to give it a beautiful, velvet surface, just a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* suffices. This greaseless cream vanishes instantly and forms a really reliable base for your powder. Used regularly in this way, Pond's Two famous Creams will keep your skin fine and firm and your complexion clear and colourful.

For sample tubes of both creams, send 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 274), 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1

POND'S TWO CREAMS

Vanishing Cream in Opal Jars at 2/6 and 1/3, and Tubes at 1/- and 6d.
Cold Cream in Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3. Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION--continued

blossom sprang from the petal rosettes over the ears and passed along the nape of the neck. The bridesmaids were attired in yellow and green faille dresses reinforced with berthes and Victorian bonnets. The other bride's dress was of silver lace; it was built on classical lines; coloured lace made the bridesmaids' frocks.

The "Glory of Silver Fox."

There were many among the audience of the Dress Parade at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W., who vowed that they would at the very earliest opportunity acquire a silver fox stole or a coat reinforced with a collar of this most beautiful of all furs. Over two hundred lovely frocks, wraps, and their accessories were shown, and it was forcibly brought home to all and sundry that nowhere are there smarter fashions to be seen. There was a lovely bridal gown of ivory satin, the bridesmaids' being of blue faille, and there was a quartette of Court gowns ranging in price from 9 to 20 guineas. Everyone was extremely interested in the beach suits; warmly applauded was one of navy-and-grey silk; it was reminiscent of a sailor suit with middy blouse, the shiny straw hat being of the minaret persuasion. A cream cotton pyjama suit was trimmed with blue sponge-cloth and had a coat to match; there were patch-pockets on the trousers. A study in cherry-and-white linen was another pyjama suit. Then a natural Shantung model was ornamented with loops of pin beads with necklace to match.

Individuality in Dress.

Everyone will be pleased to hear that Beryl Dibble, whose salons at 8, Weymouth Street, W., were so attractive, has joined forces with Peggie Ross, 43, South Audley Street, W., where she is surrounded with a collection of Parisian models. Miss Dibble really does excel in introducing individual notes in her creations and modifying and adapting Parisian models to suit the requirements of her fashionable *clientèle*. She is endowed with the true dress sense. Illustrated on the right of p. 142 is a sleeveless jumper of Rose du Barri Chanel jersey with scarf to match. Some women might like sleeves added—well, this can easily be done. It is seen in conjunction with a tweed skirt and hat. Note the becoming arrangement of the hip yoke and the manner in which the hat dips on one side.

Dress Jewellery.

It is an impossible task to even attempt to describe the models at Peggie Ross'; women must go and see for themselves, as they are absolutely sure of finding just what they are seeking. As dress jewellery is everywhere being discussed it must be mentioned that there are lovely sets including necklaces, bracelets, and earrings; they give the much-to-be-desired finishing touch to the toilette in which the leaders of fashion delight.

For Little Ladies.

For little ladies from two to twenty are the Pamela hats created; they really are as charming as their name. They are

sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to the makers, Auburn, 31, Maddox Street, W., who will send the name of the nearest agent. A trio of Pamela hats find pictorial expression on page 142. The one at the top is carried out in crinoline straw; the wreath is composed of flower petals caught with a bow and finished with long ends. The one below, which is reminiscent of a Victorian bonnet, is expressed in woven lace hemp decorated with a velvet bow and sheath of shell flowers. The picture-hat

is of rush with shell flowers on one side. These hats are available in a variety of fashionable colours, and the shell flowers are too fascinating for words. Although light and ethereal they are very strong and keep in good condition.

For the Tiny Tots.

The requirements of the sovereign of the nursery are very carefully considered at P. Steinmann and Co.'s, 185, Piccadilly, W. They are responsible for the charming frocks seen on p. 142. The one in the centre is of white organdi trimmed with Irish crochet and lace, while the one on the right is of net trimmed with lace. The last but by no means the least attractive of the trio is of white muslin strewn with pink spots; of it one may become the possessor for 21s. 9d. It is at Steinmann's, too, that the squirrel and lamb may be seen; they are companioned by a host of others. By the way the new catalogue is ready and will be sent gratis and post free on application.

Coats for Town and Country Wear.

A wrap-coat is, and with justice, regarded as an indispensable occupant of the wardrobe. What Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W., does not know about the building of these is not worth mentioning. To him must be given the credit of the model pictured on this page; to ensure success it must be built for individual customers. It is carried out in one of the new tweeds; it is trimmed with summer fur and is lined through with crêpe de chine; as will be seen, there is a suspicion of a bell-sleeve. As pounds, shillings, and pence have ever to be considered it must be stated that plain tailored coats are from £8 8s., coats and skirts from £10 10s., and West of England raincoats from 6 guineas. On application this firm would gladly send patterns of materials, illustrations of designs, and self-measurement forms.

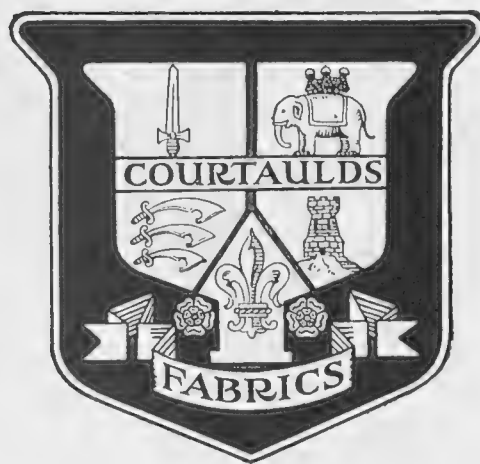
The Most Important Thing of All.

There is no doubt about it that in these days the corset is the most important thing of all, as it has unostentatiously, nevertheless emphatically, to persuade the figure to take unto itself a new outline. There must be the suggestion of a waist-line without the least compression; as a matter of fact, it lays the foundation of the fashionable gowns. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Twilfit specialities; there are types to suit every figure, at prices which appeal to those with a limited dress allowance as well as to the wealthy. Standing out with prominence is Model 01147; it really is a corselet carried out in floral broché, with the defined waist-line, with surgical elastic insets on hips and one at the base of centre front; it is fastened at the left side with hooks and eyes and is reinforced with good shoulder-straps and six strong suspenders. In bust sizes ranging from 32 in. to 44 in. it is 30s. The corset experts at the leading outfitters are always willing to help ladies in any doubt in the selection of the correct Twilfit model for her type of figure.



A FASHIONABLE COAT

Designed and carried out in feather-weight tweed with summer fur collar by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

(SPRING
GOLFING
FASHION)

The alliance of silk and wool jersey is a new note especially when it is worked up into a plaid design. Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., have used it in this sports cap



This golf suit is of natural coloured jersey flecked with black and scarlet stockette: it is a most attractive triple alliance colour scheme. It comes from Harrods', Knightsbridge, S.W., and so does the decidedly becoming cloth hat



Thoroughly practical are these brown brogues from Harrods'; they are laced up the leg with leather thongs. The fancy stockings are of silk and wool showing a novel pattern



Light and dark brown leather have been used by Harrods for these golf shoes. The golf socks are innocent of turnovers, a novel fancy design is present

BLAKE
STUDIOS

Pictures by Blake

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every morning

and evening.

It cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

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A "TATLER" FASHION

An Original Design by Gordon Conway



This simple ensemble is as appropriate for in- as for out-of-town wear. The coat with its shoulder cape is of mixed tweed, the dress being of crepella, the collar and cuffs are of white piqué. The hat is of felt, and the bag matches the coat

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satisfy your thirst with the aid of the only soda water worthy of great occasions—Schweppes. Famous for its brilliant merits, purity, and guaranteed excellence, there is only one choice for people of taste and distinction, viz.:

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THE ORIGINAL
SODA WATER”



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Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

At a wayside station the cry of "Search!" was raised, and hell was let loose on the train. The panic-stricken passengers, half of them women, fearful of having their treasured possessions rudely seized, dashed towards the openings or clambered out of the window.

I had no time to get out before the Red guards entered, and for one moment I thought of throwing my parcel through the window. It was more incriminating than any provisions, for new ladies' shoes could only have been brought from Finland.

But I remembered whom they were for, and desisted.

"Move along!" a soldier said, roughly pulling me by the sleeve.

I sat hard on the shoes, and to my joy they slid along the seat with me. The corner was empty, and the soldier passed on.

The shoes were for the sister of a great friend of mine, Princess Z., whom I had some time previously helped to escape to Poland. I had visited this lady after my first arrival in Petrograd and found the Reds had robbed her of everything she possessed, leaving her utterly destitute. The first day I had come she was being made to sweep the pavement, together with other aristocratic ladies, under the orders of a brutal-looking workman with a revolver in his belt who stood by smoking.

When I felt it safe to approach I saw her shoes were so worn out that her toes were sticking through and her bare feet shuffled in the snow. Others of her companions had no shoes at all, but wore planks of box-wood cut out and tied on to their feet with rags and sacking.

Despite her destitution (she was also very ill) the first thing this lady did when she learned that I myself was living a fugitive existence was to insist on my accepting her hospitality, and although she ran great

risk in harbouring me she made me spend some nights on her sitting-room couch.

I procured her food and also clothing, which I bought from other impoverished people of station who were selling their last possessions. But good shoes I could find nowhere and this was why I had brought some from Finland.

But when upon my return I prepared to take her the shoes that had seen such adventures, I found she had been arrested and my efforts to procure

her release were unavailing. She was still in prison as an "aristocrat" several months later when I was finally obliged to flee from Russia.

So I took the shoes to another lady for whom I bought the slabs of chocolate.

This lady, Madame O., was one of the most extraordinary persons I have ever known, and very difficult to describe. She was a Tolstoyan, and not only made a rite of the sacred dictum, "It is better to give than to receive," but elevated it to a command with the prohibition (as far as she was concerned) to receive gifts of any sort whatever.

I was introduced to Madame O. by a mutual friend, a doctor, who looked after her and who was the one person from whom she would on rare occasions accept small gifts of tea or sugar under the guise of "medicine." I found her a lady of great charm and culture. Her late husband, one of the first victims of the Bolsheviks, had had something to do with supervising the art treasures of the Tsar.

In her flat she had portraits of the Tsar and the Imperial family and many notables; also books with the Tsar's autograph; all of which she obstinately refused not only to part with but even to conceal, and which ultimately led to her doom. But she was so obviously of a completely unoffending character that the Tcheka long left her in peace and even overlooked her collection of Imperial relics.

The doctor arranged some important interviews for me in her flat and suggested that she should allow me occasionally to

(Continued on p. 1)



LINGFIELD: MISS HOMAN, MRS. KENNETH HOMAN, AND MICHAEL BEARY

Between races at Lingfield. Michael Beary had a ride for Mrs. Edgar Wallace, the famous novelist's wife, in the first race and for Count McCormack, the tenor, in the third race—both non-winners



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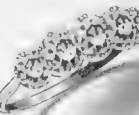
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will caress you with a fragrance so breath-
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Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

put up there for the night. So I was registered in the house as Madame O.'s nephew.

It was heartrending to me to see this excellent lady starving before my very eyes, and yet persistently refusing to accept assistance even in return for night shelter. She would stand for hours in queues in bitter cold to get the pittance doled out officially to the civil population, often receiving nothing at all when the commissariat had nothing to distribute, and by some inexplicable miracle would even manage sometimes to share her microscopic provisions with another family in the house who had sick children.

She accepted my chocolate when our friend the doctor "prescribed" it for her, but she positively refused the shoes for herself, and gave them to the mother of the sick children in the flat below.

Madame O. understood perfectly well what I was doing in Russia, and there was nothing on earth she would not have done to help me. One evening, seeing me writing, she said: "You had better let me guard your papers till morning."

During the night there was a search. The agents of the Tcheka ransacked the house, searching particularly for firearms and hoards of food. I was very nervous about my papers. They contained a good deal of political and military information. Where had Madame O. hidden them? Certainly not on her person, as we were both liable to personal search.

She stood in the kitchen, smiling, while the men looked into cupboards, pulled out drawers, and even examined the oven. At last they went away, and Madame O., still smiling, beckoned me back into the kitchen. From the bottom of a tub of washing she pulled up a rubber sponge-bag, very tightly tied. She undid it, and handed me back my papers.

After that I kept my papers in the sponge-bag every night, with a piece of lead to weight it. There was another search some days later, and as I had written very late Madame O. had gone to bed without taking my papers. It was she who was nervous this time. "Where did you hide them?" she asked when the Tcheka men had gone. After a moment of embarrassment I showed her. I had dropped the sponge-bag into the cistern of the water-closet.

One day she said: "Come with me and I will show you where you can keep papers." She conducted me to the Smolensk cemetery on the Vasili Island, and showed me her family tomb, a small vault, rather dilapidated. Her husband of course did not lie there, for having been shot by the Bolsheviks she did not know what had become of his body.

"Keep the papers you don't immediately want in there," she said. "They will never be discovered."

For all the help she gave me the only return Madame O. allowed me to make was to feed her two canaries, kept in a cage in the kitchen. Childless and without a relative in the world she showered her love on these two helpless pets. I would hold long whistling conversations with them to her unspeakable delight.

I was obliged after a time to absent myself from her house for several weeks, the district having become unsafe for me. When I returned I found the two little canaries dead. She had been unable to feed them.

I completely broke down at the sight of the little yellow corpses which she had not yet removed. But she herself did not weep. She shrugged her shoulders and simply said with a faint smile, "As God wills."

Like her husband, Madame O. was not destined to sleep her last sleep in the family vault. She was shot about a year after I left Russia, her Imperial relics having brought upon her the suspicion of implication in a monarchist plot. I was told that she went cheerfully to her doom, trying to comfort another woman to whom she was chained in the cart that took them away. And I imagined her standing up to the firing squad, smiling as ever, and uttering as her last words, "As God wills."

There was another woman to whom I was greatly indebted for establishing certain communications for me. She was the wife of the Russian secretary of a foreign colony. Sometimes these good friends procured food for me, sometimes I succeeded in doing so for them. The difficulty was to find food suitable for their little baby, ten months old.

They had a bad Tcheka search in their flat, their little supply of food was seized, and her husband arrested as a "speculator." I could visit them no more, and from this time onward she met me once a week on a bench in the Summer Garden.

She would tell me the news of her husband, and I would tell her any news I had received from abroad.

One day, just as she was taking leave, she said simply, "By the way, my little baby died yesterday."

"Of starv —?" I began, but checked the word.

"Yes," she replied, and walked quickly away.

She also was arrested later, and sat in prison over two years with her husband. Then I ceased to hear anything more about them, and fear they must have met the usual fate at the hands of the Reds, "against the wall."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

POPE & BRADLEY
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of OLD BOND ST LONDON-W.



DRESS SUITS.

HOW TO JUDGE QUALITY

IT is only the highly trained expert who can judge, by handling, the exact value and quality of cloth, and for this reason the majority of our clients, having confidence in our reputation, turn to us for advice when choosing their materials. All our salesmen are carefully instructed upon the technical attributes and vagaries of worsteds, saxonies, cashmeres, tweeds and silks. And, apart from the technical attributes of the materials there are the technical attributes of the client to be considered.

We will not sell any material we consider individually unsuitable to a client, however much he may desire it. As an obvious instance, certain fine thin tropical worsteds, while hanging admirably on a man of slim build, are likely to crease badly under the strain of a heavy body. We see that the man inclined to stoutness does not select overcheck designs that tend to increase his girth, and we advise him to wear single-breasted rather than double-breasted clothes. Our experience has invariably been that our clients have appreciated such advice.

We know the qualities of our materials and we are open about them. Recently we displayed a few lengths of materials made of a certain soft-handling nap of rather beautiful texture and colouring. We refused to sell these to several clients whom we knew to be of moderate income, for though they admired the design particularly, we told them that we could not guarantee that they would wear for long. They were frankly luxury clothes, sold only to those so rich that they offered no objection when informed that the comfort and appearance was woven at the expense of durability.

The majority of our clients, though of necessity not poor, expect our clothes to last a reasonable time. In point of fact, strictly from our point of view, they last far too long—we are sometimes shown suits that clients bought from us over ten years ago, still in excellent condition. They simply do not wear out.

In the interest of the client, we consider it essential that every salesman should be trained not only to offer advice on materials and styles, but also be able to give full information concerning all formal dress, from the morning suit to Court dress, including the correct shirts, shoes and hosiery to be worn with them. And we appreciate the compliment of being asked for our advice.

We record as far as possible the tastes of each customer and the colours and styles suitable to him. The number of old clients who write or ring up and ask us to put in hand a town or week-end suit—without even seeing the material until they come in for a fitting—reflects the confidence they have in our own taste. And that, we regard as one of the chief assets of Pope and Bradley.

Lounge Suits from 10 guineas, Dinner Suits from 15 guineas, Dress Suits from 16 guineas.

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*The Finest Whisky
on 'Record'*

Pictures in the Fire

—continued

There was on three occasions door crashing, and if only witnesses would come forward, she is certain that drugs were used.

This pamphlet is circulated in order to help the police to catch out the blackmailing and thieving gang that have surrounded La Duchesse since Mr. X. left her. She is an artist of first order. At Fount Street she was robbed of £1,000 from Far Cry's Bank by forged cheque, and furniture value £35,000, including presents from a king consisting of six beautiful bronzes of the figures of the Muses, of 8½ in. high; gifts from Sir A.B., three chairs and pedestal of lacquer wood from China; from Admiral of the Fleet Sir Y.Z. a lovely collection of china, value £1,000; from Sir C.D. four large diamonds, a large white car, a fine oil painting, by Herkomer, of La Duchesse, worth £1,400, and many other valuables in the shape of silver, glass, tapestries, Chinese embroideries, pictures, mirrors, jewellery, bank notes, etc., etc., etc.

All these valuables disappeared from the years 1916 to 1920. The late Earl D. arranged for her to go abroad, and she was often attacked by masked men, and brigands were robbing her at Monte Carlo; she complained of poison and D. was accused.

A flat at Bank Street was raided by twelve men, and furniture and jewellery to the value of £30,000 was stolen in 1925. The gasmeter was always stolen.

Will every self-respecting and kind person help to catch the thieves: some were of the theatrical crowd and some of George C.'s lot were stealing and blackmailing her and, in order to rob her more easily, were causing her physical injury, so that now she is forced to go about in an invalid carriage.

George C.'s solicitor was paying bank-notes into her flat on the 3rd of every month, and all the roughs about Mayfair, his clerks, etc., etc., were robbing her and she could get



AT LINGFIELD LAST WEEK

The beautiful course has not yet started to act up to its reputation of being "leafy," but we live in hopes. In this group are: P. Beasley; Mr. A. Cottrill, who was second on Sir Percy Newson's Roi de Saba in the Club Welter Plate, which the hard-pulling Kingsford won; and Miss Greenwood. P. Beasley had a ride for Mr. F. Barling on Pointless in the Mapleton Plate

no police protection against these bandits, thieves and rogues. Does Miss E. steal money?

Many other properties have been stolen abroad and in England which are not mentioned here. She wishes the police to trace what she has lost without delay. There is a lot standing idle and it will give them an interesting task.

La Duchesse never resided at Bleak. La Duchesse suffers from spine trouble and cannot get about in comfort and is naturally of a generous disposition, but has been greatly imposed upon and badly treated. She has been in the hands of Germans during the War, many masked men about. X is a rich man, has an irksome manner and a bad stammer and is untruthful; he looked after (as he puts it) La Duchesse for four years.

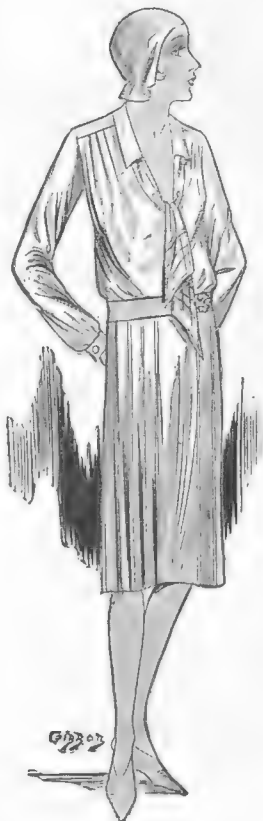
There was a lame man following FitzGarter about, often noticed. He was crashed in Blank Street, W.

I hope that some of this obviously valuable information will be of use to our incomparable Flying Squad. Surely the making of the gas-meter being stolen with such regularity furnishes a damning clue. Anyway, I feel that beauty in distress has never yet appealed to our gallant Stars in vain!

* * *

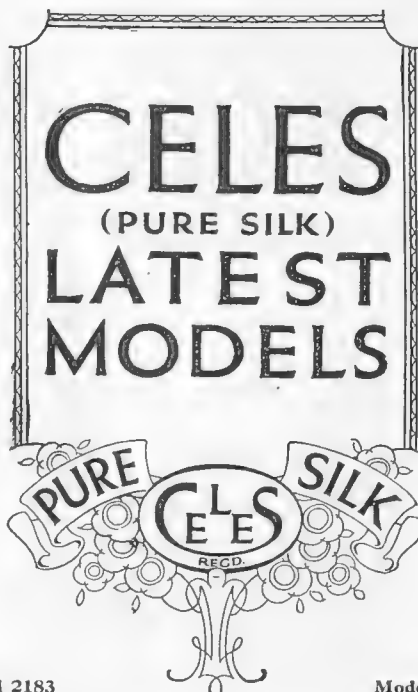
Since the above intriguing communication was sent to me I have had another forwarded from Kenya! I am implored to do something to lay this desperate gang by the heels, and if I knew how to begin I'd start in right away because the case seems a bit urgent. I quote this in proof.

The Duchesse was shot at twice on the outskirts of Rome, and there have been several other murders, and the criminals have not been caught. Who murdered Mrs. Mary Learoyd, Mrs. Florence Wilson, Mr. Oliver, and Mrs. Atherton? Evidently there is some very cruel person about.



Model 2183

This model in Ivory is finished with a cleverly arranged scarf; the scarf ends trimmed with brightly coloured straps.

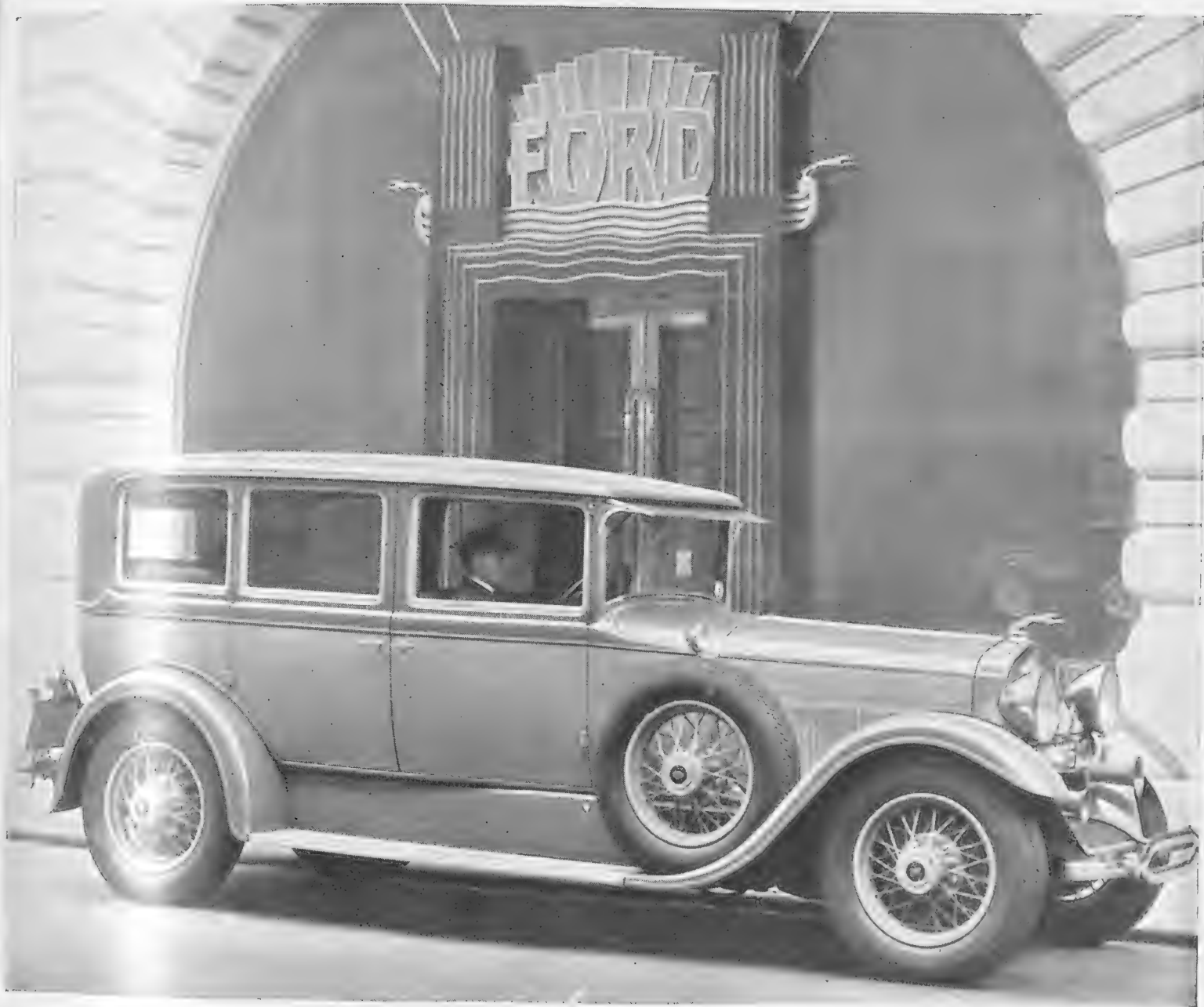


Model 2255

A very dainty model in all shades of Celes. The model represented is in an exquisite shade of pastel blue.



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To be sure that no limit has been placed to the painstaking care of its making, to know that each possibility for its improvement is constantly studied, to realise that no thought has been given to its ultimate cost—such knowledge brings to purchasers of Lincoln cars an assurance that their taste will be truly satisfied.

Then, when ownership reveals that Lincoln's luxury, superb performance

and vitality continue year after year, the delight inspired by such quality is fulfilled. It should be remembered that the Lincoln is owned and used throughout the world by a clientele who are used to the enjoyment of earth's treasured things.

Such a motor car as Lincoln is worthy of your personal study. Learn the almost unbelievable standards of precision that are employed in building it,

and hear some of the epics of its world-famous travels.

A full range of Lincoln models may be inspected in the new Ford Exhibition Salon at 88 Regent Street. Or, regardless of where you live, whether in London or in the provinces, a Lincoln will be sent to your door for trial. Just telephone or write to Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Company Limited, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1.

THE LINCOLN

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

It must not be forgotten that entries for our Open Show close on April 28. The Show is a week later than in former years, which is really better as London is fuller of people in search of amusement, so we should have many visitors. No one who wants to push their kennel should omit to enter at this Show, which is the only big Show in the Season.

The children's classes are evoking great interest. As I have already said, the dogs must be the property of the children but need not be registered at the K.C., and need only come in time for the judging, i.e. at 2.30 on the afternoon of May 15, and can leave immediately after. Lady Kathleen Pilkington and Mr. Holland Buckley, the judges, are two great authorities on dogs, and our President, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, has kindly consented to give away the prizes. Anyone wanting a schedule can obtain one by writing to Mrs. Trelawny, 87, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1, or can have full particulars by calling there.

It has been decided that the L.K.A. shall hold a dinner the night before our Members' Show on December 3. These functions are always so pleasant in connection with other societies, and ours is sure to be a success. A capable sub-committee has been appointed to deal with the matter, consisting of Baroness Burton, Lady Faudel-Phillips, and Mrs. Sothern, and full details will be announced later. December is such a dull time that a good dinner and a pleasant social evening will cheer us all up.



CH. JOSEPH OF HELLINGLY
The property of Mrs. Oliver

Cairns show no signs of diminishing in popularity, in fact it is increasing. Up to the present—one does not know how long it will last—there is not a marked divergence between Show and ordinary Cairns, and as they are not over-trimmed yet, people can have a Cairn as a companion and also show it. I should think Cairns have more



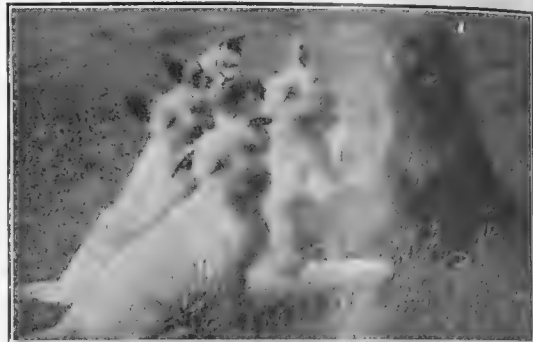
MRS. CHARLESWORTH'S GOLDEN LABRADORS AT EXERCISE

Charlesworth breaks and handles all her dogs herself, which adds immensely to the interest.

All lovers of the mastiff are deeply indebted to Mrs. Oliver for the keen interest she takes in them. Her beautiful dogs are familiar to all show-goers; their characteristics are true type, joined to soundness. Gone are the days when these dogs, if very large, were usually unsound. Mrs. Oliver's dogs are as active as kittens. The photograph is of the well known Champion Joseph of Hellingly. Mrs. Oliver is always pleased to help anyone interested in mastiffs.

Laddy Holder has two very good Pekingese bitches for sale of the highest breeding.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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R.100

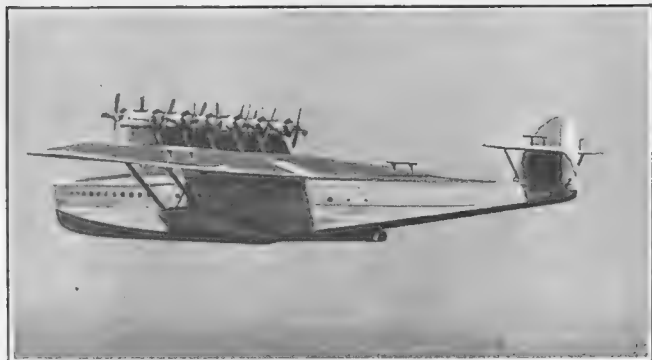
WORLD'S LARGEST AIRSHIP



THE

DORNIER DOX

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CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

—the Product of an All-British Firm

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Petrol Vapour—continued

comfort; that are barbarously rough, and generally atrociously expensive to run. As a means of describing a motor-car by the words "sports model" or "sporting model," it is to be questioned whether they now mean anything at all, and I hold that the sooner they are expunged from the automobile dictionary the better it will be for all concerned.

Res Novae.

At about this season of the year it is not uncommon for quite a fine crop of new models to put in an appearance. On this occasion they are a good international lot, all very representative of their kind.



AT THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY POINT-TO-POINT

A group at Brigstock last week, where this point-to-point was run in decidedly spotty weather. Included in this picture, left to right, are: Colonel and Mrs. Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Massingberd-Mundy, Mr. John Massingberd-Mundy, Captain and Mrs. Cuthbert Dawnay, Mr. and Mrs. George Brudenell, Mr. Schilizzi, Mr. and Mrs. Lord, and Mrs. Schilizzi on extreme right

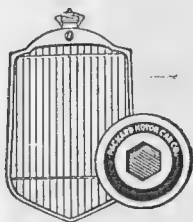
and, indeed, so much so that I hope the order in which I mention them will not be held to have any reference to others. As I have not as yet had a chance of testing them out on the road, an omission which I shall quickly and eagerly rectify, I would not be so invidious as to attempt to classify them. My darling Clementina, now in spite of her colossal mileage going better than ever, has a little sister of many attractions in the new short-wheelbase 14-45-h.p. Sports saloon. Colonel Warwick Wright showed me one the other day, and I was immensely taken with her graceful lines. The body is a two-door proposition, which really gives easy ingress and egress, and of its type is about the best thing I have ever seen. At £395 it will be a winner. Next, the Marmon range has now been extended to include two big "Eights" and two smaller

"Eights." As might be supposed, some of the latter are pretty conspicuous in the price category. The "model R," which supersedes the "Roosevelt," comes at but £440 with a well-found saloon body. This is a figure which will take a deal of beating, especially when it is borne in mind that there is nothing experimental about the general design. The bigger Marmons, I note, have four-speed gear-boxes with a "silent third." Then the new Ford, appropriately enough, appeared simultaneously with the opening of the wonderful new Ford showrooms in Regent Street the other day. Features are now external bright parts of stainless iron, lower and roomier bodies, higher radiator, smaller wheels, and in general what can fairly be described as greater refinement. A big force in automobilism, this latest.



SIR ARTHUR DE CAPELL-BROOKE AND THE MARQUESS OF EXETER

Another snapshot at the Woodland Pytchley Point-to-Point at Brigstock. Lord Exeter braved the elements in spite of not having been well lately. Sir Arthur de Capell-Brooke's seat is Great Oakley Hall, Kettering



STABILITY

THE average length of service of the major executives of the Packard Motor Car Company is seventeen and a half years.

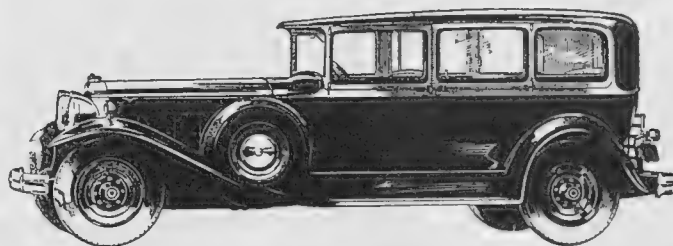
Sixty-four per cent of the foremen in the Packard factory have served the Company for more than ten years.

Sixty-seven per cent of the total output is distributed to the public by men who have been associated with Packard for an average of sixteen and a half years.

Records indicate ninety-six per cent of all Packard owners replace their old Packards with new ones.

Back of these records is a stability of ideals which has made possible all of the other records of the Company.

These are the greatest assets of the Packard Motor Car Company.



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Sole Concessionaires for the British Isles :
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Head Office & Works : Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

Showrooms : 198, Piccadilly, W.1.

CAR CAMEOS

The 15·7-h.p. Crossley

In a way I am rather glad that on one of the days and nights when I had the pleasure of driving the 6-cylinder 15·7 Crossley, the weather so far as motoring was concerned was at its very worst. A buffeting wind blew so hard that sometimes you could definitely feel it hit the side of the car, the rain came down in torrents, and the roads having been drenched after a longish dry period, were about as treacherous as they could be. All these unpleasant external agonies but served, however, to throw the snugness and comfort of us inside into bolder relief. Before they had travelled many miles in it Mrs. P.V. and the girls, to say nothing of another man in the party too, volunteered the information that it "was a nice car."

But I will not allow a good thing to be damned with faint praise. I praised it with a faint damn, therefore, and asserted (and now repeat) that it is a—nice car.

Few chassis of roughly 16-h.p. rating have the solidity and really "big car feel" of this Crossley, and that very desirable quality has been obtained without making it heavy. Indeed I fancy it is, if anything, under the average in this respect. You do not need to put the Crossley on a weighbridge to ascertain this fact. The manner in which it answers the throttle on top gear, and especially the manner in which it demolishes gradients, speak of it sufficiently eloquently. With its liveliness, too, you get a poise and a dignity not often found in cars of medium power

and of quite modest price. This coach-built saloon *de luxe* that gave us all so much satisfaction came, all in (the equipment is exceptionally lavish) at £575. That cannot be regarded as anything else than very good value for money. Let it be borne in mind, by the way, that inwardly, I mean in the chassis components, engine, etc., this Crossley is most beautifully turned out. A genuine engineering job of the traditional conscientiousness of which Lancashire is so justly proud.

There is nothing *outré* about the general lay-out, for its design principles are conventional and well proved. But everything works as well-made things were meant to work. The suspension I found quite faultless, and even when (by the escapade of a lunatic cyclist) the car had to be pulled up on a greasy surface in the deuce of a hurry, there was no waywardness, though I noticed several other cars that, just thereabouts, were indulging in a little tail-wagging.

The only criticisms that I can level against a car that is in every way worthy of its name are that, so far as I was concerned, the steering-wheel might have been more happily placed. As a matter of fact by the end of my run I had got pretty used to it, so there can clearly be nothing seriously amiss. The other was that a little too much work has to be done on the ignition advance; for in order to get so much power out of

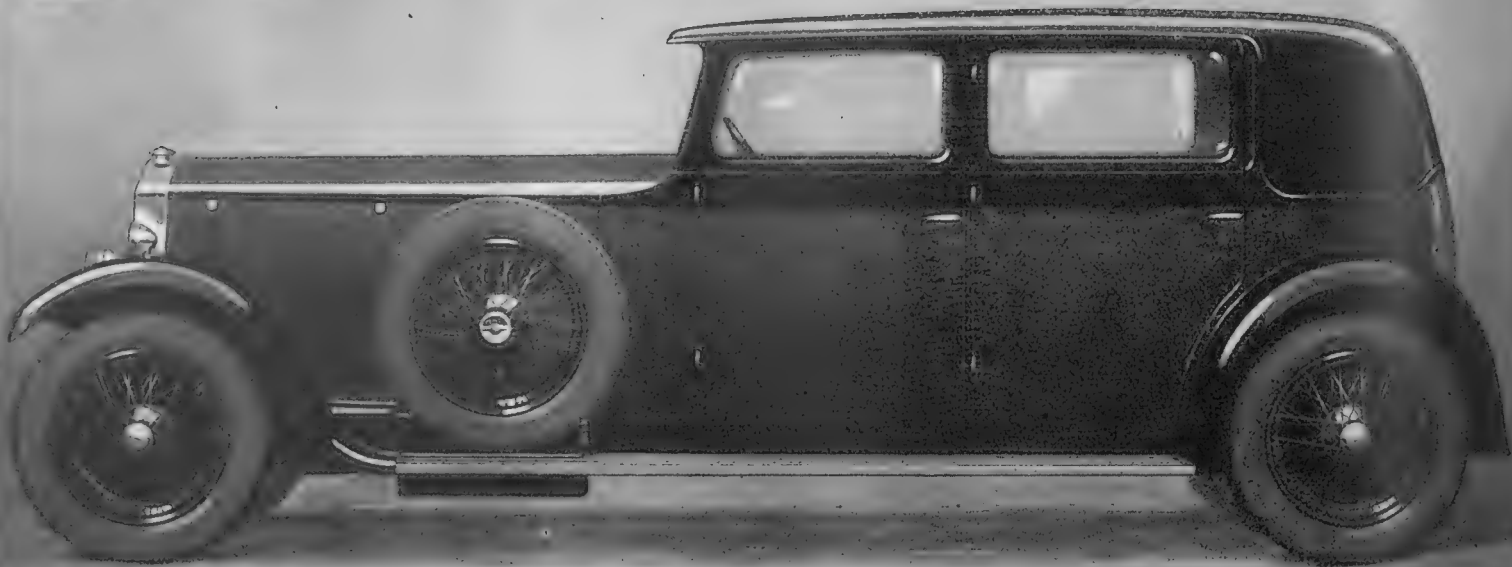
such a relatively small engine, the compression has had to be put up to the point at which most petrols get a wee bit sensitive. But that, too, is something to which you can readily get accustomed. It may even be that many motorists like something to do with their hands besides just steer.



THE 15·7-H.P. CROSSLEY COACHBUILT SALOON DE LUXE

Lanchester

The Best of the Straight Eights



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Daimler



The New Daimler "Twenty-five"

A PRESS OPINION

A remarkable new car . . . definitely progressive. Maximum service . . . minimum attention. Needs less skilful care than any other. Perfectly delightful to drive. Admirable steering . . . wide lock, small turning circle . . . Bumps and holes ironed out . . . Car remains happy when driving fast . . . The smoothest six-cylinder Daimler have built . . . like the proverbial steam engine at slow speeds . . . Absence of vibration when revving fast . . . does not get rough or coarse when "all out" . . . Acceleration on top gear exceedingly rapid . . . 10 to 30 m.p.h. in just under 9 secs. Gear changing reduced to a minimum.

—The Autocar.

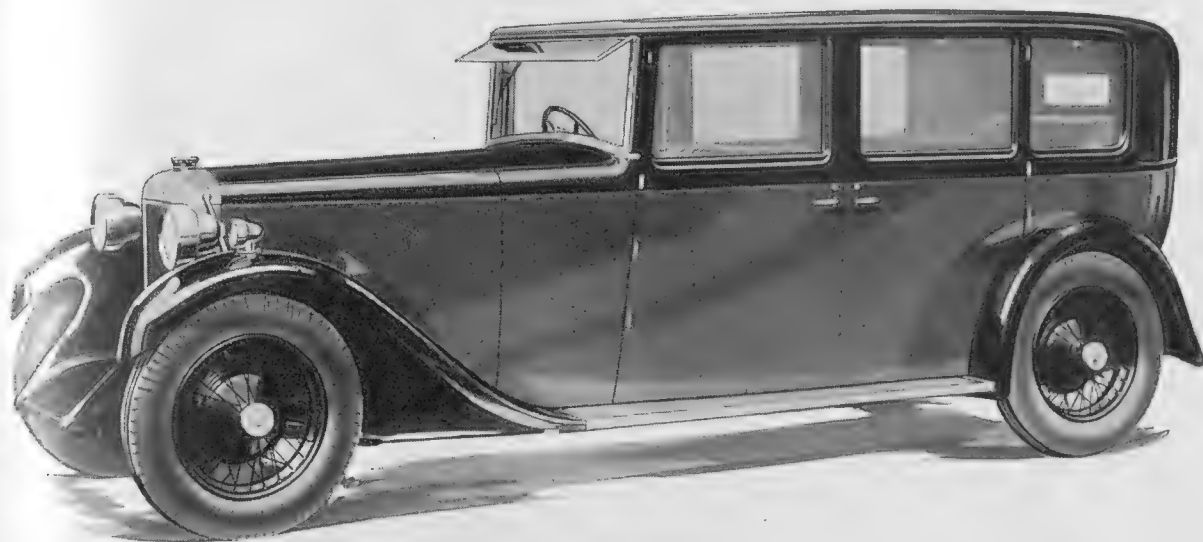
AN OWNER'S OPINION

I confirm that after 1,000 miles running the engine and transmission are very quiet and vibrationless, the whole car a sound engineering job.

The 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours run down was over wet roads, part of the time during heavy rain.

So far, the highest speed attained is 75 m.p.h. at which speed the engine ran sweetly and easily, with a complete absence of "fuss."

The steering at any speed is miraculously light and as North Cornwall is a county of hills and winding roads, the easy steering, lightning acceleration and smooth braking make driving a pleasure.—Ref. No. 1050.



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Although Mr. "High Test" may claim to be one of the tallest men in the country—he is nearly 7 ft. high—he finds the handy little car well able to fulfil his needs, including a comfortable driving position

Motor Notes and News

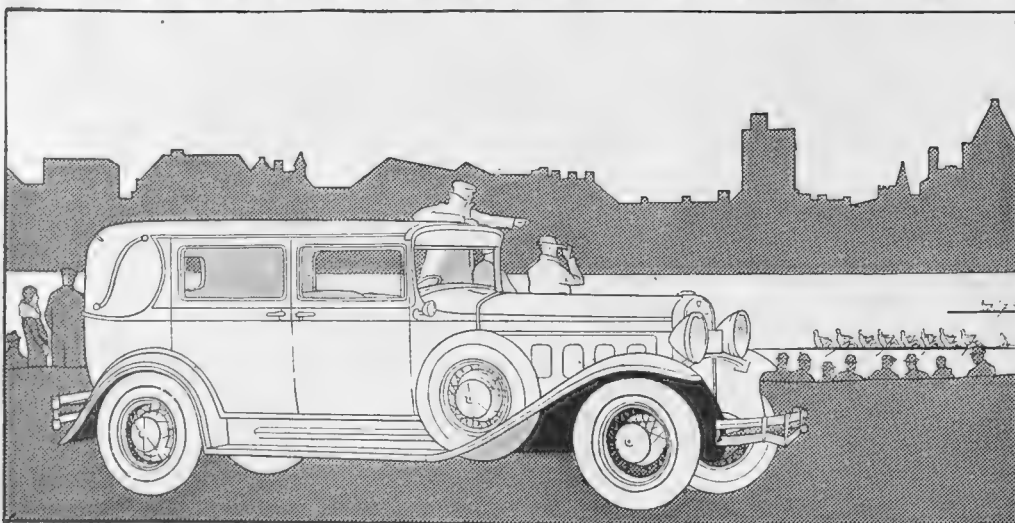
One welcomes any advertising matter which possesses intrinsic and permanent value. In this category is the latest Shell-Mex publication entitled "Then and Now," a survey of motor design extending over forty-two years since the original Benz took the road in 1888. Here we are reminded of the single-cylinder engine, of tube ignition, of wooden chassis frames, and weird, ungainly coach-work—not to speak of tiller-steering, brakes which operated direct on solid rubber tyres, and lubrication systems which dissipated vast quantities of oil in clouds of smoke. For lubrication was not always automatic, lubricants and systems of applying them have had to be developed just like every other component of the chassis and have passed through at least as many vicissitudes. Here are pages of potted history with many a practical hint, and not a few

touches of humour, that will bring home to the modern motorist how much he has to be thankful for in the car of to-day. Copies may be obtained free and post free from Shell-Mex, Ltd., Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2



THE STOCKS AND WHIPPING POST AT ALDBURY, NEAR TRING
The car seen in these picturesque surroundings is a 1930 6-cylinder 2-litre All-British Standard Envoy saloon

A DIFFERENT TYPE 8



Combining the
Silence and Smoothness
of a *Town car* with the
Speed and Acceleration
of a *Sports car*

The HUDSON Great 8

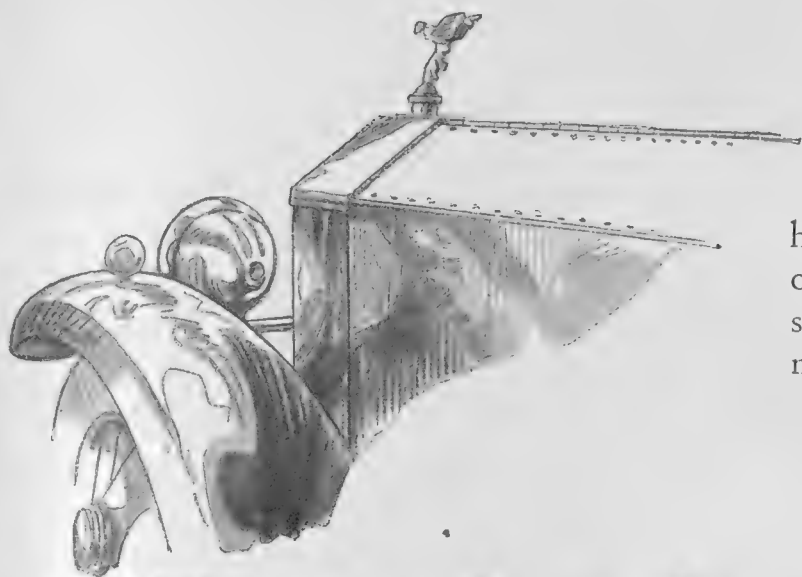
Ride in the Hudson Great 8 — and it will not take you long to realize how different a car it is. You never have experienced such acceleration in any but a high-powered sports car — but with this performance you get the silence and the stately smoothness of the town car. To drive it is a thrill you must experience.

And the Hudson has smartness — inside and out its appointments are luxurious and beautiful. Everyone marvels at the attraction of its easy graceful lines — its careful and exclusive workmanship — its up-to-date and complete equipment.

Before you buy any car for any reason, you must ride in Motordom's latest type — the Hudson Great 8. It offers performance and appearance which definitely remove the need of ever paying more for any car. From £360 — Tax £25.

Made by the Manufacturers of the Essex Super-Six

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"PHANTOM II"

Its braking, its steering, its road-holding, its springing, its absolute obedience (one could almost call it servility) are a triumph of the mechanical art.

—"The Tatler"

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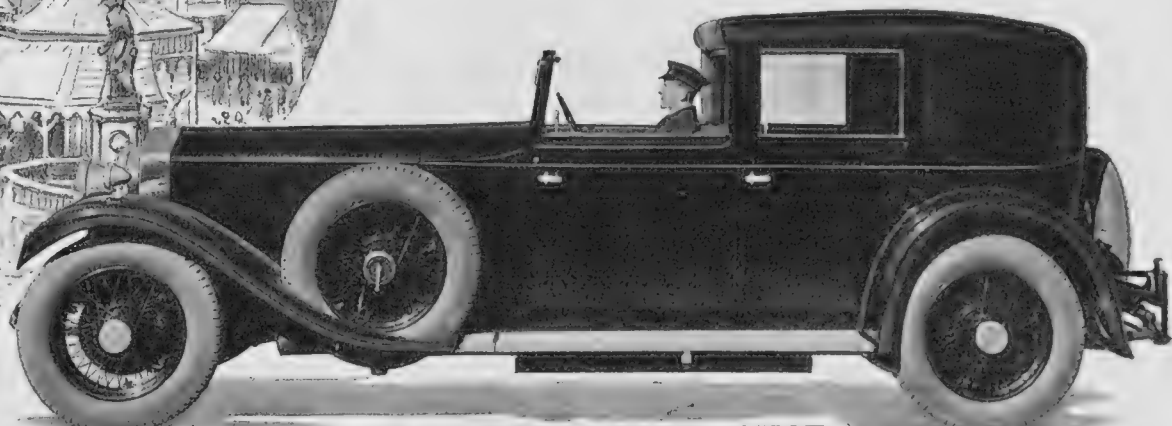
By Appointment to:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING. H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY,
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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

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The GRABEN, Vienna.



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Club Pageants.

LAST year professional pilots were almost continuously engaged upon the occupation beautifully described in the numerous mouth-pieces of the masses as "gambling with death." Amongst other things they attacked world's air records and flew in the Schneider

Trophy race. This year there is to be less of this form of gambling, not because the Government thinks it immoral but, apparently, because it feels tired; and there will be more of the kind of events immediately concerning the private owner. The R.A.F. has renounced the pursuit of air records, and no preparations are to be made for the 1931 Schneider race. Instead there is to be an almost continuous succession of pageants and club meetings. I am writing on the eve of the Reading Pageant, and during the week-end immediately following the appearance of these notes there will be the Leicestershire Pageant at Desford on Saturday and the first of the Hanworth Pageants on Monday.

The lull in large scale efforts in racing and record-breaking may prove of value to amateur flying if the best use is made of it. According to infallible signs and portents the popularization of private flying, for which we have all been praying, is now due. The way has been well prepared. First enthusiasm for flying and a realization of its potentialities were produced by the Schneider Trophy race and the other large-scale events of 1929. Then the organization for selling aeroplanes to the public has lately been brought up to date, and finally the machines themselves have been modified in accordance with experience and now offer in one form or another all the qualities which the private owner is likely to want. The stage is therefore set and it remains to produce the actors and to urge them to set foot upon it.

The number of private owners in this country is still much too small, but now that machines can be bought on the hire-purchase system at

Selfridge's and elsewhere, and now that aerodromes are available in many parts, the incentives to aeroplane possession are powerful. If during this season the flying club members and all who play a part in the control of aerodromes will co-operate in trying to discover how conditions proved, and how facilities for genuine air travel increased, they will aid in making aeroplanes at least as perambulators. For the most serious obstacle to increase in the number of private flyers is still the weakness of the aeroplane as a genuine everyday travel vehicle.

The public has been taught to believe that it is incapable of looking after itself. It turns to the Government for sets of rules to regulate its eating and drinking, its sleeping and waking. And no doubt the Government knows what is good for the mob better than the mob does itself. But private flyers cannot be included in the mob. They are people with independent individualities, and to force them to conform to rules made for the mob is merely to hamper them. Private flying is being prevented from developing chiefly by the unnecessary rules and regulations with which it is hedged about.

Navigation.

Miss Spooner is to be congratulated upon her success in the Navigation examinations. She seems to have set a fashion, and every other pilot one meets is now preparing for his Navigation Certificate. The London Club has a passion for navigation at the moment. During the last month its members made thirty-eight cross-country flights including journeys to Hull, Lympne, Old Sarum, Shoreham, Swindon, Sittingbourne, Duxford, Hamble, Grantham, Henlow, and Norwich.

For the convenience of members unacquainted with London and its traffic conditions, the Automobile Association has provided arrangements whereby, for a small charge, they can be met by "pilots" on the outskirts of London and piloted or driven to their destinations. These pilots do not wear A.A. patrol uniforms but a yellow armband inscribed "A.A. Pilot."



THE MAYOR OF BIRKENHEAD,
ALDERMAN T. MCLELLAN

The only civic authority known to patronize the air, waving a farewell from an aeroplane at Hooton, near Birkenhead, recently, when he had his first aeroplane flight, the occasion being the opening of the fine new club-house of the Liverpool and District Aero Club at Hooton by Lady Bailey, vice-president of the Liverpool and District Aero Club

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(MOTOR VEHICLES, ETC.)
REGULATIONS, 1929

REGULATION 5c OF THE ABOVE PROVIDES THAT

"In the storage place, or as near thereto as is reasonably practicable, there shall be kept fire-extinguishing apparatus of a type capable of extinguishing fires occasioned by burning petroleum spirit, or a supply of sand or other effective means for extinguishing such fires."

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A Private Garage is a "Storage Place" within the meaning of these Regulations and a person is deemed to be storing petrol when a car with petrol in its tank is housed in the private garage, as well as when additional petrol is kept in cans.



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If you do not store petrol other than that on your car, you will comply with the above Regulations by protecting it with a "PYRENE" Fire Extinguisher. If you keep spare cans of petrol in your Garage install a "PHOMENE" Fire Extinguisher.

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Most emphatically however, it cannot beat the new Scout Talbot on comfort, luxury, or reliability—you can loll back on the deep upholstered cushions—you can do sixty, if you wish, or work to any schedule you choose.

You may get there before the Blue Train—you may be a little later, but you will arrive unflurried, and in perfect comfort.

If you want a racer, there are many available, but if you want the last word in luxury motoring, then you might try

THE NEW
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LIGHT "SCOUT" SIX
SALOON
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"Always fresh and vigorous."



MISS GILLIAN LIND,

the piquantly beautiful and accomplished young actress appearing in "On the Spot" at Wyndham's Theatre, writes:—

"I MUST emphasise how thoroughly Phosferine Brand Tonic keeps one always fresh and vigorous, looking and working at one's best. When playing a rather tiring comedy part, there is such a tax on the nerves in endeavouring to gain just the right effects, that you may be sure I am very glad of the wonderful assistance Phosferine Tonic gives in keeping up my health and spirits, so that I feel always able to play at the top of my form. Phosferine Tonic is by far the best means of rallying one's flagging energies, and maintaining youthful sparkle, as even if I should be a trifle jaded or depressed before the show commences, I find a little Phosferine Tonic soon puts me quite all right, and I go through the performance satisfactorily and without strain. When I think of the many disabilities Phosferine Tonic saves me from, I cannot praise it too highly."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline. Supersedes all old-fashioned laxatives—it *Tones* as it *Cleanses*!

PRICE 1/6—DOUBLE QUANTITY 2/6

Aldwych

Thirteen—continued

her hands against the door, implored him to open it, swore that she would ask anyone he cared so long as he would remain.

He went to Italy with Tom Maddox and some other friends. He played cards a great deal and his luck always held, but his popularity was waning, for he was drinking too heavily and was apt to become quarrelsome on the slightest pretext.

One afternoon, when he was playing cards with three Italians, a large crowd gathered round his table. There was always a crowd round Martin Stark's table, but to-day it was larger than usual and the bets as to who would win were higher than customary. As the afternoon wore on the excitement increased until, at the last game, it reached fever pitch. Martin was the only person who remained calm, and he felt excessively bored as he looked down at the elegant cards with their pointed-faced queens and stiff, grandiose kings. He noticed the hands of Ricardo Bianchi, his partner, were shaking as he picked up his cards, and he felt a wave of contempt for the temperamental Italian. What a fool he was to fear—did he not realize that he was playing with Martin Stark, whose luck had never been known to fail? He never attempted to disguise his feelings, and the Italian saw his disgusted expression. He lowered his eyes. Martin's negligent attitude irritated him. He did not like this red-haired Englishman who played cards with such devil-me-care insolence as though it did not matter a whit to him whether he won or lost. He had heard several strange stories about him.



J. E. Stutter

AT THE 7th HUSSARS POINT-TO-POINT

Lady de Crespigny presenting the Light-Weight Challenge Cup to Captain R. K. Hower, who won it on his own horse, Father Confessor. Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny is in the centre, and the 'chases were run over his land at Champion Lodge, Maldon, Essex

The man on his right started by laying down the five of hearts. Bianchi had only one heart, the ace, and so was forced to play it. The man on his left laid down a small one. Then Bianchi saw the Englishman deliberately and coolly trump his ace. In an instant his suspicions were confirmed.

He rose to his feet and bent over the table, an ugly expression on his swarthy face.

"You devil," he said in Italian through clenched teeth, "you are in someone's pay, you are playing to lose."

In another moment a pistol-shot rang through the crowded room, and the Englishman was seen to fall back in his chair as only a dying man falls back.

"You f-f-ool," Martin Stark stammered, the cards dripping from his stiffening fingers, "you d-damned fool, I—I held the thirteen trumps."

A Scots surgeon, a man of few words, met his match in a woman. She called at his surgery with her hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called again, and the conversation was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultices."

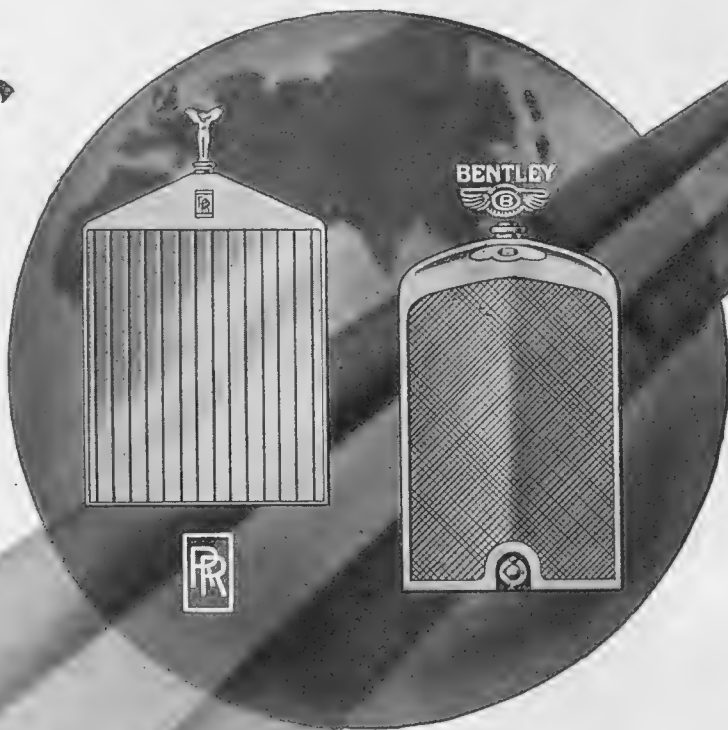
Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever saw."

for

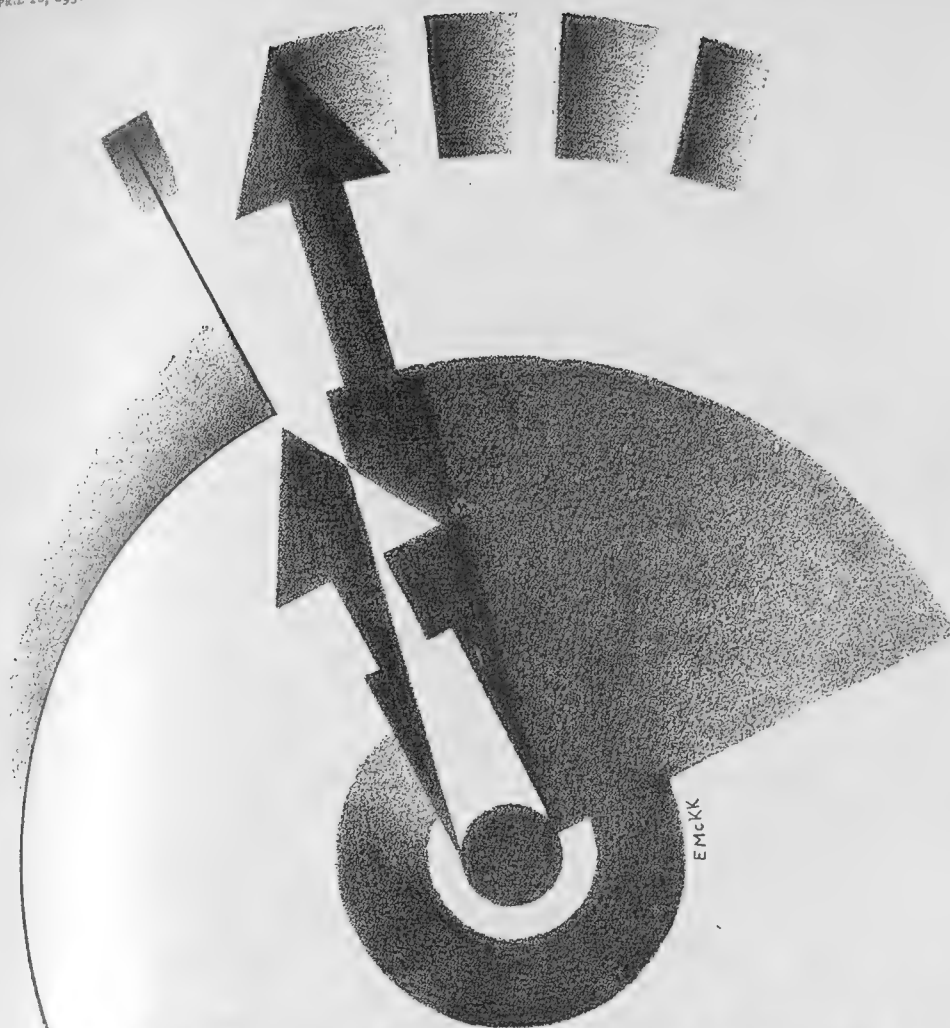


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NIGHT AND DAY THROUGHOUT
THE YEAR WE ARE BUYING FOOD
FROM ABROAD AT THE RATE OF

£1,000 A MINUTE

£10,000,000 A WEEK

£520,000,000 A YEAR

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Write for a copy of the leaflet, 'Why should we buy from the Empire?', ob-
tainable, post free, on application to the Empire Marketing Board, Westminster
—an official body, on which all the three political parties are represented.

ISSUED BY THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD

Eve at Golf (Continued from p. 94)

have holed six times out of ten. And so her side was beaten at the 20th, and Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Rudgard were left to fight the semi-final next morning.

That they did to very good purpose, making the most of so rare an opportunity as Mrs. Percy failing to live up to her nickname of "One Putt." The other semi-final was much more of a ding-dong affair, for though Miss D. R. Fowler and Miss Lobbett were out in 41, which was extraordinarily good under the weather conditions, Miss Judith Fowler and Mrs. Cooper were only two down at the turn. They carried on the match in fact to the 17th green, but there Miss D. R. Fowler's side won, partly because Miss Lobbett had played the chips quite perfectly and partly because Mrs. Cooper seemed too cold to hit the second shots.

As for the final, it was anybody's match all the way, only Miss Lobbett's putts had a horrible liking for sitting just outside the hole, whilst Mrs. Bradshaw's had an equal affection for the bottom of the tin. That was perhaps the deciding point of the story. They were all square at the turn, but the Yorkshire pair took the lead at the 12th and were never afterwards to lose it. Remembering how Miss Fowler's side had won last year's final after being two down and three to go, with a stroke to give, the match certainly never seemed over this year until Mrs. Bradshaw had put a final most excellent second right into the heart of the 18th green. But Miss Lobbett could not get up to the hole with the putts, and even that magnificent long one holed at the 17th could not change the result. Mrs. Harland gave away the cups and prizes with, of course, the most witty and delightful of speeches, and everybody said good-bye very heartily to everybody else, and vowed to meet again at Turnberry, or anyway at Ranelagh. An entry form for the "Eve" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, by the way, appears in the April number of "Britannia and Eve," and apparently it would be good policy to send it in at once. Competitors are reminded that they need not be Scottish and that the date, which this year does not clash with the French Championship, is June 3.



Truman Howell

Mrs. Whiteley, the popular and indefatigable captain of the Gloucestershire County team

Priscilla in Paris—continued

Such absurdly charming modes, and how delightfully does Jane Marnac wear them. What a blonde and virginal creature she is in the Swiss muslin and the blue bows of the first Act and the white taffetas of the ball-room scene; how daintily "young matron" in grey cashmere, how seductive, how *baisable* (only you must pronounce it à l'Anglaise, as Henry Bernstein would say, in sky satin! Only a few weeks ago she was the evil Chinese procuress, the Mother Goddam of "Shanghai

Gesture," wallowing in melodrama-of-the-most-lurid and yet never over-acting and remaining, despite the grandiloquence of the script, perfectly convincing. And now she is, just as perfectly, the *ingénue*, and what a sweet-voiced *ingénue* at that! As "actress-manageress" of the Apollo Jane is not only a perfect "leading lady," she is also a remarkable "producer," seeing to every detail herself. The setting of *Bitter-Sweet* is the exact replica of the American and British productions. Jean St. Granier is responsible for the French libretto and has, as usual, made a remarkable job of the adaptation. I say "as usual," because it is to him that we owe *Rose Marie*, *Hit the Deck*, and many other American successes. Shortly he is to give us *The Desert Song* at the Mogador, a revue at the Palace, and yet another at one of Roger Ferréol's cabarets. Add to this that he is always acting as "speaker" at the various charity performances that are now being held for the Victims of the Flood-Devastated-Regions, and you will agree, *Très Cher*, that he is rather a busy man!

I went to an amusing cocktail party given the other afternoon on the *Gondole des Chimères* (which was moored opposite the Gare d'Orsay), to celebrate Maurice Dekobra's return to his native heath. All the Somebodies were there, eager to *secouer-les-mains* with their favourite author. Two of the Somebodies were an actress famed as a *Commère* before the War and the wife of an Eminent-Member-of-the-Municipality. You cannot imagine the amount of diplomacy employed in keeping these ladies, who are both excessively stock on opposite sides of the boat! Pitch and toss, *Très Cher* . . . and oh steward!—Love. PRISCILLA.

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The engagement was announced recently between Mr. John Vincent Kelly, the only son of Major and the late Mrs. V. J. Kelly of Dublin, Ireland, and Miss Beryl Francis Garnett, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Garnett of The Pryors, Hampstead; and on the same day Miss Ismee Ruth Garnett's engagement was announced to Mr. Jack Fordham Parker, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Parker of Codsall, Staffs.

* This Month.

On Mr. Christopher Pleydell-Bouverie is marrying Miss Kathleen Gelshehen at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; the day before, the 29th, is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. John Daybell and Miss E. G. Hughes, which is to be at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; Mr. Patrick Marr Johnson, Royal Artillery, and Miss Nancye Travers are being married to-morrow (17th) at Addlestone; Mr. H. M. Ward Clarke and Miss D. Devitt have chosen the 23rd for their marriage at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; two other weddings on the 30th are those between Mr. Charles Selwyn Pryor and Miss Olive W. Woodall, which takes place at St. Lawrence's Church, Meworth, and Mr. Lucius Perronet Thompson and Miss Helen McCausland, which is to be at Drumchose Parish Church, Limavady.

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MISS CATHERINE STEPHENS

Who is the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Stephens, is engaged to marry Mr. Gerald William Willcox, the eldest son of Sir William and Lady Willcox

A May Wedding.

Mr. J. C. Day and Miss Mairi MacLeod are evidently not superstitious, for they have arranged May 7 for their wedding at St. Columba's, Pont Street.

* Recently Engaged.

Mr. Leonard

H. Bennett, elder son of the late Mr. Herbert Bennett and Mrs. Herbert Bennett of Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W., and Mrs. Gladys Lilian Hirst, the widow of Captain Harold Hirst, and younger daughter of the late Mr. C. B. Crawshaw; Mr. William Bland, only son of the late Mr. Hum Bland and of Mrs. Bland of Blandsford, Abbeyleix, and Miss Marion (Cis) Dease, only daughter of Major Edmund J. Dease, D.L., and Mrs. Dease, O.B.E., of Rath House, Ballybrittas, Portarlinton; Mr. Geoffrey Taylor, only son of Colonel and Mrs. G. H. Taylor of Moorcroft, Pedmore, Stourbridge, and Miss Margery Joan Terry, only daughter of the late Mr. Alfred E. Terry and Mrs. Terry of St. Leonard's Grange, Beoley, Redditch; Sir Lieutenant H. C. W. Head, Royal Navy, son of the late Mr. B. W. Head and Mrs. Head of Roseacre, Godalming, and Miss Alice Bromhead, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bromhead of Nairobi, Kenya; Mr. Richard Cecil Tetley, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Tetley of Kirkby Lonsdale, and Miss Brenda Claire Unwin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Unwin of Llandudno.



MISS CYNTHIA JECKS

Whose marriage will take place on July 1 to Mr. Francis Covett, is the only daughter of Mrs. Henry Ichenhausen

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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for an old lady aged seventy-six who urgently needs your help. Some years ago her much-loved sister died, leaving her to a lonely life in their two little rooms. Even now this poor woman can hardly speak of the loss of one who meant so much to her. She manages on 14s. weekly, 10s. of which comes from her old age pension, while she earns the other 4s. by odd sewing. Last winter she was really ill with influenza, which has left her very frail. There is little enough to tell about her—just one more woman eking out an inadequate income in



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MRS. JACK PAYNE

Whose husband's B.B.C. band is creating a furore at the London Palladium this week, is the daughter of the late Colonel Henry Hewett Pengree. Colonel Pengree served thirty-three years with the R.F.A., had seven medals, six clasps, and two Egyptian decorations—he was at "The Shop" in 1869 with Lord Kitchener and the Duke of Connaught

a dreary part of London, but we who know her realize what a blessing our 2s. 6d. weekly has been, so that now her account is nearly overdrawn we plead for subscriptions to make the allowance safe for the next two years.

The No-Trumpers again invite you to take a hand in the revue-supercabaret to be held at the Hotel Metropole on Thursday, May 8. This function is in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. The tickets are 30s. each (including supper), and they may be obtained from Mrs. Sam Baer, 13, Maresfield Gardens, N.W.3. Another interesting event to be held in aid of the Middlesex Hospital is the seven-a-side Rugby Finals, to be held at Twickenham on April 26 by special permission of the Rugby Football Union. The cost of admission to the ground is 1s.; ring seats (including admission), 3s.; covered stands, numbered and reserved (including admission), 5s. Tickets can be obtained

from Alfred Hayes Box Offices, the Secretary, Rugby Football Union, Twickenham, or the Middlesex Hospital.

We would like to draw the attention of our readers to the good work done by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It specializes in cases of deformity, and however hopeless a child's case may be, every possible chance is given for the boy or girl to recover normal limbs and health. For giving particulars of any case needing the attention of the society, or for giving donations to further the work of the society, write the Central Office of the Society, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

The Decca Company have brought out a new series of 12-in records, which are distinguished by their black label and are attractively priced at 3s. 6d. each. Among those in this series issued for March are "Orpheus in the Underworld, Overture," "Ballet Egyptien Suite," "Peer Gynt Suite" (Grieg), and Coleridge-Taylor's "Petite Suite de Concert." All these numbers are played by the Hastings Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Basil Cameron. The one vocal record in this series this month is Frank Titterton's rendering of "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen" (from *La Bohème*) with "The Flower Song" (from *Carmen*) on the reverse side. In the 3s. series we get "Sunshine and Rain" and "I May be Wrong, But I Think You're Wonderful," both sung by Gwen Farrar and Billy Mayerl; "My Love Parade" and "Happy Days Are Here Again," "Body and Soul" and "Punch and Judy Show," both records played by Ambrose and his orchestra, from the May Fair Hotel. Other dance records of the month are "Marianne" and "Dream Lover," "The Doll's House" and "The Cuckoo in the Clock," "She's My Slip of Girl" and "Maryana," which are all in the 2s. series.



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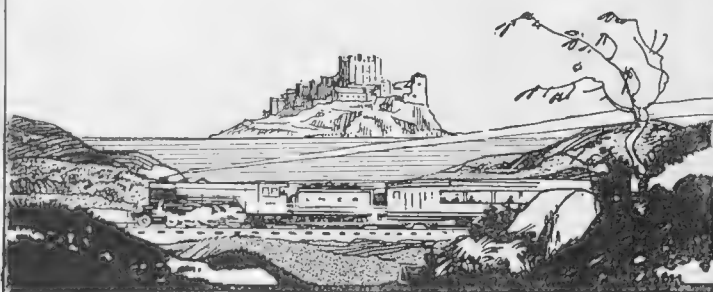
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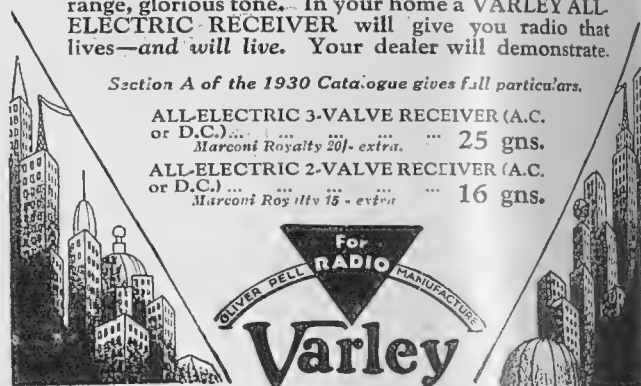


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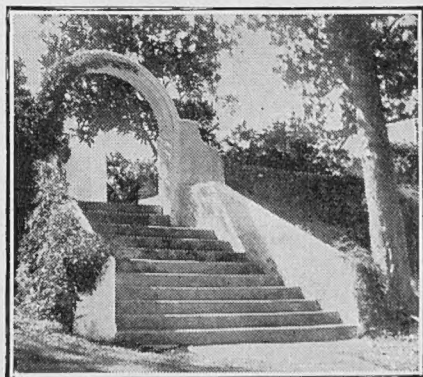
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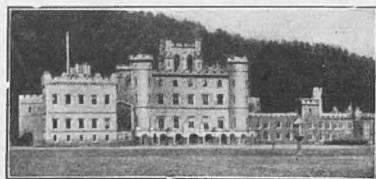
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